

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca

SEPTEMBER 12 2005



THE DROWNING OF NEW ORLEANS

Bestselling author Joseph Boyden
on the tragedy of his adopted city

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TOP SCHOOLS

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COVER: MARY CORNWELL FOR POLAROID/REDFERNS

PHOTOGRAPH FROM LEFT: JOSHUA TRUJILLO/REDFERNS

ONE LIFETIME VINTAGE FILM WORKS, BRIAN KENDRICK/REDFERNS/REDFERNS

MACLEANS | SEPTEMBER 12, 2008

It's hard to go anywhere nowadays without getting noticed.



Photo: J. D. TIGHE

'If everyone at the CBC was as reasonable as veteran Mark Starowicz, the 14 radios in our home would not now be spewing elevator music.' —Peggy Nixon, Guelph, Ontario

High school confidential

Congratulations to Maclean's for running an education feature that emphasizes triumphs over successes and rewards schools for these accomplishments that can never be quantified ("Canada's best schools," Cover, Aug. 29). The school-ranking game, as it is now played, is both deceiving and damaging for educators and their students—pitting individual success interests over team goals in a charge that both refreshes and overhauls.

Adam Goldenberg, Toronto, Ont.

To my amazement, I found that your article told us a great deal about some dubious high schools, practitioners, and educational institutions. It did not, however, tell us about our best schools. The article clearly states that the choices are a result of nominations from year readers—*not* as a result of any comparable measure. If you had called the story "Some of Canada's fine schools," you would have provided a greater service to the thousands of individuals, parents, staff and students committed to public education in this country.

Andy J. Krawczyk, Principal, St. Weston Catholic Secondary, Vancouver

Wow! My husband and I always knew our son's high school was special, but thanks to your recognition now the whole country knows about Stelly's Secondary. When we found Stelly's, we felt we had found the best. Our son graduated in 1993 and 1996, and we feel they were given a gift for learning that continues to this day (one is at Laurier University working on a master's degree and another is at the University of Waterloo) and will last a lifetime. You will not find a more dedicated group of teachers with an enthusiasm for their work and commitment to their students. Thank you for acknowledging the fantastic job they do.

Janice Fisher, Victoria

I thank your story on the best high schools in Canada is misguided and unconfirmed. Assuming of 1,000 readers rating about 200



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UPFRONT

BRONZE

134.9

COMPLET

LA PANIQUE



Oil | The cost of gasoline skyrockets as shortages loom

For the past year, oil prices have soared like a slowly tightening noose on the economy. Until now, consumers have been remarkably resilient, continuing to spend even as the cost of filling the tank climbed. But last week, North Americans learned what a sudden crisis feels like. Hurricane Katrina knocked out drilling platforms in the Gulf of Mexico that were providing about a million barrels of oil a day, and that down at least eight U.S. refineries, adding more than 10 per cent of the nation's capacity to produce gasoline. Oil prices shot above \$130 a barrel, and gas set records across the continent, in some cases rising

more than 30 per cent overnight, to \$1.30 a litre for regular unleaded.

Some relief came when European nations agreed to send emergency gas supplies to ease fears of a critical shortage. But the question now is how quickly oil prices can be brought back on line, and how much damage will be done in the meantime. History provides little comfort. The last time oil prices surged like this was in 1981, and the cost of fuel and heating oil helped push the U.S. into a brutal recession. **STEVE MARSH**

Quote of the week "I can only imagine that this is what Hiroshima looked like 60 years ago." Mississippi Gov. **HALLEY BARBOUR** after flying over and viewing first-hand the destruction caused by Hurricane Katrina

ScoreCard



Some quality Canadian radio stations have gotten seriously hip classic Rock-Oriented playlists. They just don't get it. Music is the big Emo's heartbeat. Songs won't hurt this wounded city; music will be its salvation. Play on.



Italy players won by Dorothy in *Hazard of the Month* from July's National Museum in Grand Rapids, Minn. Theft lacked heart, but had brain. Dashed about the room while grabbing shorts, assumed not a cool \$500 million before searching everywhere—except, of course, in Kansas.



Comedian Wanda Sykes' America's Choice Standup shows liberal bias, a quarter of notable Americans printed on its coffee cups. Ordering gets tougher. "A tall, skinny, shorty, shorty, please," to a waitress writes cups, no, not Country or too bitter. Sounding lighter, like a fresh lamborghini. **STEVE MARSH**



PM refused to bring too slow to offer Washington consider- lessions and aid for hurricane-battered Gulf States. Poor guy can't win. What was he supposed to do, interrupt George W. Bush's watch?

Symptoms include fever, headache and a quiet fourth quarter.



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Ontario

Mansbridge on the Record



OTTAWA'S GLASS CEILING

Where are the women who could make a credible run for 24 Sussex Drive?

THE U.S. TELEVISION networks are heavily promoting their new fall series, which means it's time to place your bets on which ones will last more than a few episodes. It's a tough business—second chances are rare, and if they don't achieve immediate popularity, the book can appear very quickly.

Of the proven *I've seen*, one is clearly trying to cash in on the success of the American political drama *The West Wing*. Who would have thought politics could attract women? *The West Wing* did, and when an idea proves to be a hit, expect the copycats to arrive. The new entry called *Camino* after *Chief* and *De prime* is simple: the president dies in office and the vice-president takes over. The hook? The No. 3 who is about to be No. 1 is a woman.

The show may be some writer's fantasy, but who's playing out in the real Washington these days suggests Hollywooding not be that far off. As the U.S. political cycle starts to gear up for the 2008 race, it's worth thinking more about the candidates considered as legitimate possibilities than ever before. Washington's response this month makes it feel like the right stuff and, as a result, suggests a first—the possibility that both Democrats and Republicans could have women on their shortlists. They range from the well-known, Hillary Rodham Clinton and Condoleezza Rice to the newly-hired of Kethleen Schubert and Blanche Lincoln. (Okay, I hear you saying, "Who?" Schubert is the Democratic governor of Kansas, a state long held by Republicans, and Lincoln is a young senator from Arkansas, and both

already have fellow Democrats talking.) All this leaves the Washingtonians wondering whether "the nation's ultimate glass ceiling" will shatter in 2008.

Which leaves us in Canada and the list of female candidates for the top political office here. Que? How many do you know? Even the recent survey of possible future leaders of the two main parties didn't include one woman. The most famous in Canadian politics is probably Belinda Stronach, but likely for all the wrong reasons. Switching parties doesn't usually help—it's seen as a leprosy, and despite all the welcoming smiles, your new mates don't really trust you. Anne McLellan is the deputy prime minister (member of previous disputes), only just Charlottetown, who has that title for five minutes during the John Turner administration, ever advanced the top position), but few ever mention her in press roundups. What a Liberalutsch, though, she could be the future Castle Taylor, the new B.C. finance minister.

On the Conservative side, the name some is equally blank. Diane Abbot, a sensible MP who has had a distinguished parliamentary record over the past dozen years, has competed for leadership before, but the results were, well, embarrassing. The Tony Blair-stressing the most attention in the last few seasons, like Abbot, on Alberta's Rita MacRae, the late Peter Jennings, Ray MacGregor and Hugh Whistler, as well as Olympic speedster Carriona Le May Dean and jazz singer Diana Krall.

The bottom line is that if Canada has women positioned to make a run for 24 Sussex soon, they're well-hidden, embarrassingly so when you remove the push for power to the south. It seems the glass ceiling is very much intact here, and far from shattering. In other words, still a factory drama.

*Peter Mansbridge is chief correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of *The National*. To comment: lmansbridge@medemedia.ca*

Passages

APPOINTED Francis Fox, 65, a long-serving former cabinet minister in the Trudeau years and, for a time, principal attorney to Paul Martin right after he became Prime Minister, was named to the Senate, one of the more obvious partisan selections among a recent slate. Appointed at the same time Yves Goldstein, 71, a well-known Montreal bankruptcy lawyer



DIED For watchers of the parliamentary channel, he was the odd and debonair senator who earned the moniker *the Senator*. For those who worked in the legislature, he was simply a conforming presence. Canadian government sergeant-at-arms, a pipe in mouth, a distinguished military career, Maj.-Gen. Maurice Gosselin (Gos) Chouler died of cancer in Ottawa, he was 79.



HONORED If there was ever any doubt the country is held together by duct tape, one of the new inductees to the Order in Canada should put that to rest. Presented among the 82 appointments announced by Gov. Gen. Adrienne Clarkson, Heather comedian Steve Smith, 39 (sheesh, better known as Red Green to the denizens of *Powerline* Lodge). The star-studded list also included journalists Trina MacQueen, the late Peter Jennings, Ray MacGregor and Hugh Whistler, as well as Olympic speedster Carriona Le May Dean and jazz singer Diana Krall.

DIED He had a cold demeanor and sharp mind, just the combination for all the really tough cases. Among them: the death of 36 babies under suspicious circumstances at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children in the early '80s. Ontario Supreme Court judge Samuel Gruber was brought in to head the royal commission inquiry in 1983 after the police investigation went awry. Gruber died on Aug. 26 in Toronto, at 85.

“
Some U.S. pundits are suggesting that both Democrats and Republicans could have women on their 2008 tickets

*Peter Mansbridge is chief correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of *The National*. To comment: lmansbridge@medemedia.ca*

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Nike Laessila University of Waterloo	Gated NRD McGill University
Naomi Odeh University of Waterloo	Sandra Wible McGill University
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A black and white photograph capturing a moment of despair and survival in New Orleans. A man, identified as city councilman Arnold, is seen carrying a young child on his back through a deep, turbulent flood. The man is wearing a light-colored t-shirt and dark trousers. The child is wearing a dark top and light-colored pants. They are moving away from the camera, through water that reaches up to their waists. In the background, a white SUV is partially submerged, and a chain-link fence stands behind the floodwaters. The scene is set at night or in low light, with a bright light source in the upper right corner illuminating the water and the figures.

City councilman Arnold
was trying to make his
way to the Superdome
on Monday, Aug. 29,
after the roof of his
house was blown off

Cover

THE DROWNING OF NEW ORLEANS

Bestselling author **JOSEPH BOYDEN** on the tragedy of his adopted city



MONDAY
AUG. 29

Click here from top left: Hurricane Katrina's M. In winds here, about their villages and leave shorelines
bottoms; the flooding begins a timely stricken in the city's business residents wade through waist-deep water



SUCH A NIGHT — DR. JOHN
MONDAY, AUG. 29

I'm in an airplane high over the Atlantic as Hurricane Katrina heads for, then smashes onto, the Gulf Coast. Nothing I can do up here. Until last Friday before climbing onto the plane in Houston was that Katrina was heading right for New Orleans as a category 3, the strongest storm there in. Sick with worry. I found out that my wife, Amanda, evacuated to Houston two days ago. She's safe, at least. But what about all my friends? My

friends? My home? Nothing I can do. And as I sit and wait and try to imagine what's going on in my city so far away

I've ridden out hurricanes before. The first week I moved to New Orleans back in 1992 as a young graduate student, Hurricane Andrew came screeching right for us.

My welcome to this crazy place now is call the big day. Last minute, the hurricane turned away and lie west of the city instead. I wandered the city streets later that night and made a note of the fallen trees, the water-soaked streets, the broken windows. No big deal. A series of clowns, but I was brave and it's enough to try put rather than run, washed over me. And that remained the pattern in the following years, always Hurricane heading for the city, always the chance that this was the big One, always the storm turning away at the last moment and lie somewhere else, usually Florida or the Gulf of Mexico. Amanda and I stayed back, hunkered down the flooded, and got lost in a hurricane party. Some thing exhilarating in staring into the face of mother nature's strength and living to tell something addictive in the gamble.

Until last year Hurricane Ivan beat up immense power over the warm waters of the Gulf, and Mayor Ray Nagin put on TV

and said this is it, the one we've been dreading. Get out while you can. For the first time, Amanda and I headed the advice. Something like awful song about this one. We packed our animals and a few important documents and sat through 12 hours of mind-numbing crawl, making it 120 miles into Cajun country and the comfort of a friend's house on the bayou.

Once again, the hurricane turned away from New Orleans at the last minute, devastating the Florida Panhandle instead. We all breathed a sigh of relief, only to find out no more than an inch or two of rain had fallen. New Orleans at last. Luck. Yeah, we're below sea level, living in what amounts to a big bowl, but we are one special a place, one blessed with wonderful, unpredictable weather for anything to happen to us. As I sit on that airplane high over the Atlantic, I console myself, despite the gigantic grey ghost hovering over the

gulf on CNN and Fox, bee lining for southern Louisiana, that this is just another year.

Off the plane and in Yerba Buena I am desperate for information. Yes! Yes again, the hurricane veered in the last minute, took a turn to the east, the worst of it missing my city. Oh, but the destruction I saw in Mississippi had. I say a prayer for those people,



JOSEPH BOYDEN

The 29-year-old author of the best-selling novel *Where They Stand*, released in April, has lived in New Orleans for 18 years. Steven here at Audubon park, he teaches creative writing and literature, the University of New Orleans, born in Toronto, he's of Irish, Scottish, and Metis descent.

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Off the plane and in Yerba Buena I am desperate for information. Yes! Yes again, the hurricane veered in the last minute, took a turn to the east, the worst of it missing my city. Oh, but the destruction I saw in Mississippi had. I say a prayer for those people,

thank the Creator for sparing us one more
lucky escape tonight than I have in the past
few days, a little guilty in my clean bed.

NEW ORLEANS IS SINKING

— TRAGICALLY HIP

TUESDAY, AUG. 30

I wake up a little late, make coffee at my brother and sister-in-law's comfortable house in Toronto. The plan for today is to check in with Amanda in Houston, then head to northern Ontario for a canoe trip with my son, Jacob, to get back in touch with the beautiful bush that I've been away from for the past few months while teaching and book-touring in Europe. I have a ticket to fly back to New Orleans next week, where we will celebrate Amanda's birthday. CNN reports the devastation in Gulfport, in Biloxi, along the Mississippi coast. Like amateur bomb went off. Horrifying images. Complete destruction. The few images of New Orleans this morning show a city that took quite a punch. More destruction than I thought. Cars crushed by fallen brick buildings. Gorgeous old houses shattered. The skin of the Superdome ripped away, but the interior pretty much intact. No reports of lost life, though. I see video of a drunken reverie on Bourbon Street with a maniacal go-cup of beer in hand, walking the wind-swept French Quarter. Already life is returning to this crazy, beautiful, dangerous city.

And then Amanda calls me. A levee has been breached on the Industrial Canal. Water is flooding our bowl. Don't worry, I tell her. The Army Corps of Engineers is ready for exactly this kind of problem. But then another levee is breached, this one on Lake Pontchartrain. If that's such a problem, I tell Amanda, surely the news giants will report it. The real story is to our east in Mississippi. Almost nothing is being reported about the Crescent City. We're okay. The hurricane has passed.

By noon, though, the cameras begin to focus on New Orleans. Is that water I see crowding up our streets? Oh my god, that's Lakeview right near the University of New Orleans, where I teach, water up to roof gutters. School will be out for a week or two at least. What of my friends Ned and Eric, who just bought a house in the neighborhood? The little things in their pride and joy. And my professor friend Kris Kacsky? He lives in there, too, in a beautiful house full of rare books and art. They had the same



TUESDAY
AUG. 30

Clockwise from top left: aerial view of a New Orleans neighborhood; thousands of refugees from the levee-busted Ninth Ward await transportation away from the devastating water; flooding begins on Canal Street and police attempt to maintain order.





WEDNESDAY AUG. 31



Clockwise from top left: members of the National Guard on duty as people take shelter at the Superdome; residents forced to be evacuated; one of the many scenes of looting desperate community



oo know, didn't they? They must have.

I can't remove myself from the television images of the city quickly filling with water as the afternoon advances, across of Coast Guard choppers pulling people from roofs in the North Ward, one of the poorest, and therefore lowest, parts of the city. Slowly the afternoon unfolds, it's becoming clear that the Army Corps of Engineers can't do much. The bowl is filling, low areas first, crowding Uptown to where Audubon and Line 16 not really happening. It can't be.

But off, the North Ward. A big part of the dangerous soul of the city. Run-down houses on the rough side of the French Quarter. A place between with musicians and artists and blue-collar workers. So many friends live here. They've lost everything. But they got out with their lives. Didn't they?

It was here, when Betsy hit decades ago, that stories began circulating of people drowning in their attics, pressed up against their roof beams, trapped. That's when the tall windows—so always cause an issue in the house when a hurricane beats your way—comes from. If your attic fills with water, you've got to chop your way out.

Now I'm watching people on their roofs in the hours. Ninety-three degrees in the glue. Crushing humidity. No water. No food. Making makeshift signs. Help! Please! Help! Please! Almost all of them are African-American. Black people. Sixty-seven per cent of my neighborhood. Thirty per cent of my city lives below the poverty level. I won't bother to do the math, but suffice to say that those ones on the roofs didn't have the means to get out. No one. Nobody. Just like it is. We've done a before a hundred times. Surely more helicopters will come. But no, they're all in Iraq. Don't swim in that water, kid. It is a feed chomps cage of backed-up sewers and dead dogs. Why are the kids drowning? Some were happy to be in the water in the backyards. The parents aren't smiling, though. The reality, the horror that this is the Big One, crowding tightly in the back door once we let our guard down, beginning to make its way up the streets.

First reports of bodies floating in the water. And what of my friends? So many of them with the same smile on one. Ride it out, we're blessed. The University of New Orleans is a state school. Many of my students look just like the faces I see on TV. Many of them don't have the means to escape. What of

them? Communication lines to the city are down. I can only watch the glow of the television face-offs at night, the same long of images, the voice-over commanding again and again that the levees can't be fixed, that any city is filling with the waters that surround it. In 72 hours the city will be covered if weathering can't be reversed, an American Airlines, a blubbering wound covered in skeletal wings.

Moments of looting and violence. Our neighbourhood isn't so bad compared to many, but only a month ago the poor Vietnamese woman who runs the corner store right across the river from me was shot to death by a robber. She was a nice woman. Violence has always bubbled just below the skin of this place. I'm surprised the National Guard isn't patrolling in every. But there are people to be rescued. Hurricane. Thousands. I hope someone tells the government that New Orleans is not your average city. An offhand comment only in the assuring that there are no yet within the National Guard. That's a lame option. Who ever it has no idea about this city. Violence follows rapidly quickly here, and vice versa.

The situation can't be as bad in the TV rigs, can it? There are just isolated pockets Mid City, Lakeview, Canal Street, the French Quarter. No, not isolated pockets. There are huge parts of the city I'm hearing about. I know from experience, too, that a camera rarely captures the grim reality very well. I'm useless here. They'll stop the shooting. Those left will act courageously in the face of desperation. It's not too late.

LIGHTS OUT — LR, MAYHEW WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30

Cash Money Records is a homegrown New Orleans rap label that is a source of pride for so many young New Orleanians. Rap pens like Lil Wayne, Lil' Boosie and the Big Sykes pen rhymes about life in the streets of this city, about growing up in projects like the 9th Ward and St. Thomas, about living the American Dream of rage to riches their own way. Their music is filled with images of violence and of retribution and of desperation that capture the underbelly of a place as few French Quarter tourists ever see. But it's a big part of this city, a malaise that can't escape, no matter how tall the fence or barred the window. Get sick, or die trying—the Cash Money subculture represents one level of this city. And the rappers on the label are



WEDNESDAY
AUG. 31

Standing guard as the poor
and the infirm look for sanctuary



fabulously rich. A new pair of sneakers every day rich. But the young men and women I see everywhere are the poor. The poverty has unassailed me when I first arrived years ago. Projects that look like they should have been condemned filled part capacity. One man loffing another so viciously in the streets shaking hands. But I just a way from myself. The sheer number of people here are the latest in a long line, in a rich musical heritage that is this city.

Buddy Bolden was the Daddy of jazz. Everyone knows who Louis Armstrong is. Dr. John and Professor Longhair and the Wild Tchoupitoulas and Dr. John's blues band and Kermit Ruffins and Bebe. That's how you scratch the surface of the art that seeps out of this city. The music of life. I've been to "second lines"—dancing, shuffling, fluid parties led by brass bands that wade through the streets of Uptown, people dancing in and laughing and sweating and dancing. Shoving the love. We all dance together, black and white, on the same streets I see this racing unabated in brown water. People I see

at second lines are now standing up at high roller casinos. I keep looking back for faces of students and friends.

The situation seems straight turn into today. The breaches have only grown. Reports that thousands of gallons of water a second are flooding the city. Looking in the streets, Gagistas breaking into gas stations and walking openly, bawling, with weapons in full flow. The police have no control. They certainly have control during Mardi Gras, when the city turns to mayhem in normal manner with revelers. The only revelling going on in the streets right now, though, is by the heat, bad few. The city is slipping into chaos.

Amanda and I were invited in an outdoor ceremony in Audubon park the summer we graduated from our master's program October 1995. A gregarious spring afternoon, under giant oak trees the locals call the Tree of Life. The Tree of Life is massive. One hundred people can not comfortably fit on its limbs. A Jesuit priest and an Orleans boudoir helped to marry us. So, our wedding ceremony was a bit of an anomaly, just like our

city. A cell phone as we walked down the grassy aisle, a brief hand and a blustery kiss racing the reception. A ceremony at this moment, five days before the wedding, a hurricane was heading right for us, adding considerably to our pre-ceremony stress. This one had a pretty name, Hurricane膏. Family was on the way from Canada, born all over America, straight into the jaws of a potential beast. But it always, just manage a record swing, landing out Pensacola, delivering us sunshine and cool breezes. New Orleans was blessed. We were blessed.

Audubon park is a green space in great in any city's urban landscape. A two-mile track for runners, rollerbladers and joggers, most often shaded by live oak trees. Statues and fountains, an amazing rose, a place the locals call the Fly where groups congregate on sunny weekend afternoons to barbecue, play Frisbee and watch the Mississippi roll on by.

I've looked over the years how the park is prone to flooding during thunderstorms. I don't want to think about what this place so special to me looks like now, if the Tree of

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Life, which has stood for more than 200 years in that sacred spot, still stands. Maybe I will use this as a symbolic thing to hold onto. Amanda and I have been talking on the phone, trying to figure out what we should do now that it's becoming obvious we don't have a dry anymore. At least for the next month, I find that the Tree of Life will stand. I will rebuild in our city. If not...

The streets are filled with brown water only water. People everywhere, almost all of them black, cowering in the stranded on rooftops or in a Superdome equalled enough that few cameras are allowed in. I can only imagine. No, I can't, really. Toilets overflowed. No electricity, which means no air conditioning. Not enough water or food. People not being allowed out. Gangsters running the show. Unless you've spent a summer in such a city, you can't fully comprehend the crushing wet heat. Like living in the mouth of an overheated dog, someone once told me. It's not the heat, it's the humidity. It's a popular phrase when the question of the violence, but driving and suffocating. New Orleans seems to breed like mosquitoes come up.

Proud to call it home has become one of the most popular bumper stickers in this city. Some eccentric genius constructed it with his own lone bumper sticker. Proud to call it home. Thus captures a big part of this city's attitude. Laugh it yourself with a drink in one hand. Flip a bird with your other at all the poor suckers who aren't fortunate enough to live in such a place.

Such a place. The architecture is like none other I've seen. Shaggy houses, Georgia missions and brick warehouses turned into loft spaces. Creole cottages and 18th-century courtyards. The French Quarter on a pretty spring day truly is all you've heard it is with its wrought iron fences, antique shops and riding jockeys.

I always tell people who plan on coming down that they have to get out of the French Quarter and experience the "real city." The Marigny, the Garden District, the Warehouse District. Uptown. Get away from the adult Disneyland of Bourbon Street for the places where the rest of us live. Where the rest of us live. That's not sucking in fully. I can't let it. Just yet. The levee in my head holds out the weight of it, but the levee fails like it's going to be breached soon.

My levee breaks late in the day when Mayor Ray Nagin, a decent, hardworking man who is not prone to panic, announces



THURSDAY
SEPT. 1



Clockwise from top left: a military helicopter makes a food and water drop near the convention center; thousands gather at an evacuation staging area along Interstate 10; a woman cares for her dog as the body of a victim floats nearby





THURSDAY
SEPT. 1

ORIENTAL RUGS
ANTIQUE & NEW

DON'T TRY,
I AM SLEEPING
INSIDE WITH
A BIG DOG,
AN UGLY WOMAN,
TWO SHOTGUNS,
AND A CLAW HAMMER

water. That's 20 feet of water, at least. What of my career there? Can't worry about that now. People are dying in my city. People are dead.

THE UNDERTAKER MAN

— KERMIT RUFFINS

THURSDAY, SEPT. 1

When I think of the New Orleans manager Kermit Ruffins, I think of good times. I think of jazz. But Kermit Ruffins is my city's contemporary Louis Armstrong, the new singing ambassador of goodwill for the city that can't forget. One sweltering early May night last year, Arsenio and I were driving home from a day at the fairgrounds, where jazz fest unfolds every spring. Many thousands come here for the music at this time each year, for the food, for a small bit of America's most original city. Our day had been one of the better jazz fest days we'd experienced. And we'd experienced many.

The car windows were rolled down. The night was warm and dark, like velvet. About six, in the middle of the quiet streets, we saw two men, one dragging the other, across our path. We drove slow to let the one on top drag the other out of our way. We stopped to see if things were cool. By then, the two men were beside me, the feet away. The one on the ground was slumped, panting. His white T-shirt was covered in red. The one standing above him, no older than 25, looked at me, then began to move the handgun I hadn't seen till that moment toward me. My eyes held his for what felt like minutes, but it was seconds. He opened his mouth, started to shout. I am calm. I assumed it was Arsenio that he had a gun, to drive down. And I shouted this to him, and stood in the head of the shadow man below him, and pulled the trigger. The sound was more a pop than a bang. The young kid ran away.

I jumped from the car and held the dying man's head in my lap, stroked his forehead like I'd done as a child, whispered to him that it will be okay, it's okay just breathe, breathe. He died a few minutes later. I stood at the near hole punched in his chest, at the chest wound he'd received just before Arsenio and I arrived, at the blood pouring from below him into the gutter. His eyes were open, but glazed over. I'd watched

that he believes hundreds, if not thousands, are dead in New Orleans. Hundreds, if not thousands. In a small city like mine, with just 500,000 people, that's incomprehensible. That means some of my relatives are dead, friends are dead, parents and grandparents and grandchildren of friends are dead. I don't want to believe him. But NOLA isn't prone to hope. Resilient to even dry. I call Arsenio. She's already here.

I spend the rest of this night trying to remember all the places I live in the city as the networks open the same maul. Together,

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THURSDAY
SEPT. 1



the left drain from them. The police, after they'd arrived and taped off the area, then driven Anand and me separately to the station for questioning and kept us apart for three hours, apologized to us. It had been a busy night for them. This was just one of three murders tonight. But we were the only ones who stuck around to talk.

The next morning, after a night of crying and shock, we decided, without reservation, that we were not going to leave our home. We're here because this city is mangled in its ability to foster community, because we'd decided long ago it was our home, because we had relatives, the majority of them black and walking that niger's edge of poverty, who were good, who were great, who were not the stereotypes that outsiders expect.

And now, today unfolds in a staggering convolution of news reports. This morning when I awoke, dirty water still bleeds into the city, and stories are emerging of looting

— gone mad, of armed gangs of thugs in running firefights with each other and the police. Worst of all,

Charity Hospital, that last chance refuge for the last number of residents who have no medical insurance and no choice, the hospital that tries to teach medical students how to deal with paralysed victims (called from our streets, our only source of money, came under sniper fire) as doctors and nurses tried to evacuate the patient of the sick to a safer place.

City descending into madness. All social order gone. Police attacked by mob. Thousands feared dead. Thugs firing randomly into crowds of the old and sick and wounded. Immigrants (unless I drive and walk and bicycle every day under disease infected water) Cholera and Napoleon, Cancer Street, Jeff Highway. I see faces I recognize trying to make it somewhere, going nowhere. The image of an old deaf woman in a wheelchair, covered by a blanket and waiting with the side of the convention centre, plays over and over. I live a walk away from the convention centre. The image of the blind, deaf, crippled women comes on again, and then runs away in President George W. Bush's declaration that he will make sure gas prices across the country stabilize. Something's fundamentally wrong in my city. Something's fundamentally wrong in America.

I check email today for the first time in

Three days after
the storm, Mr. Trudeau
warned deadly much
these survivors



10pm or 11pm
The Choice
is Yours

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Bell ExpressVu Channel 501

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FRIDAY
SEPT. 2

After an early morning explosion, a fire burns on the east side of New Orleans. Firefighters pleaded to let it burn out by itself.



days. I'm surprised by the number of new ones. Friends wondering if I am okay. I am in New Orleans, if friends are safe. Yes, I'm okay. Thanks for your kind concern. I am safe in Orleans, and Orleans in Louisiana, I tell them. Had to change my return flight from New Orleans to Houston, I will then travel and I will come back to Orleans for a while. I don't have any other words. Goodbys from students and friends made in. They are, are safe, but wonder if anyone has been lost from others. Tharver, Wharver's, life is useless. And new gulfy Gulfy I am here in a comfortable house with a comfortable bed, removed from my dying city.

It comes as a task to the day progresses. Death. Chaos. Senseless violence. Confused, angry, scared and broken faces on the screen. I am paralyzed by the TV. What my home through the glass. Eleven years of my life I have spent in this place. New Orleans was a island surrounded by swamp and water. What short-sighted fool would ever live there? New Orleans says the same about California who will one day fall into the

sea. No, New Orleans isn't an island any more. It is the fire. A bowl of potred water. And I sit here looking out through a TV screen, wonder about the poor barbers who desperatly walk through it, wonder when the government will do something. Do we owe something to someone for our past injustice? Or does karma take care of it all? The professors congregate each other on racing so quickly, so decisively, to America's worst natural disaster. The media package for a ghoulish passion as the same video loops play over and over. My head burns as I look at all the black faces that are now officially victims, strong exemplified on the pavement by the Riverfront or just with singer and screaming at the corners. Why do I think of slavery at such a time? At such a desperate time? Undoubtedly, many of these faces are descendants of slaves. Is this a jump of logic, a skewed development in my head?

Why don't you excuse when you could, the interviewer asks a lucky one who's been

taken to Houston tonight, in another phone. The refugee's voice is exhausted. Her answer is rattling. You've lost everything, haven't you, the interviewer asks.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO MISS NEW ORLEANS? — LOUIS ARMSTRONG

FRIDAY, SEPT. 2

You've probably seen photos or videos of the theatrically costumed and bearded black men and women, dressed up like Las Vegas Indians, chanting and singing and shaking tambourines in the streets of New Orleans around Carnaval time. Collectively, they are known as Mardi Gras Indians. The Wild Tchoupitoulas. The Wild Magnolias. The Ninth Ward Indians. The Creole Wild West. Legend has it that these people are the descendants of runaway slaves taken in by local First Nation bands hundreds of years ago. At the turn of the 20th century, they were small gangs who banded together for survival. Now their bands have taken a symbolic turn. Instead of fighting each other with

IT'S A RISKY BUSINESS

Researchers are working to reduce losses from disasters

A SUMMER HEAT wave in France killed 15,000 people in 2003. The Asian tsunami at the end of last year killed perhaps 200,000. The 1998 ice storm in Ontario and Quebec killed 39 people. The 2003 SARS outbreak in Ontario, 44, shriveling populations, the exploding complexity of modern urban life—and, according to many analysts, global climate change—are all complicit in pushing the cost of natural disasters, whether you're insurance or misery.

Which is why Britain's Ian Institute for Catastrophic Loss Reduction at the University of Western Ontario in London, a research institute founded in 1995 by Canadian insurance industry, is the think effort to control risk. Tying settle mental costs, the ICILR uses a multidisciplinary approach to containing the human and financial cost of natural catastrophes.

"The idea is we can prevent natural events—which are going to occur anyway—from becoming actual disasters," says Gordon McRae, the institute's policy chairman, says. "It's high what we might call it structural approaches, engineering better bridges and better houses, but a lot of what we call non-structural approaches."

Disaster control in many instances amounts to public information. Researchers need to know how to guard against fires or tornadoes, where to contact a trouble area, and what to store inside the house in case there's ever an emergency. Governments need to coordinate storm warnings, weather information, and disaster response efforts. And the hardest part, as Hurricane Katrina demonstrated, is getting all of the stakeholders to put their money to disaster while it's still

a theoretical possibility instead of a reality. "This is an example of where government should have made investments and done that by," McRae said of last week's Gulf Coast shelter-to-house, but to a lesser degree, he's seen similar lack of foresight before. In the late 1990s, when he was the senior bureaucrat in charge of Environment Canada's weather service, his budget was cut 30 per cent over four years. It was inexplicably understandable not of fiscal responsibility, but he says it also severely diminished the federal government's ability to warn about severe weather and put word to Canadians.

McRae says the new Federal Department of Public Safety and Emergency Preparedness is far more concerned with preparing against the long-shot danger of a terrorist attack than with the more mundane exercises of wild fires,旱灾 and disease. There's very little thought at Natural Infrastructure programs give it a sense that infrastructure can survive a natural catastrophe but even as he does so, this, McRae says it's easy to underestimate. Disaster relief is held over for perhaps days, sweep into the disaster zone, help the bereaved, distribute luggage. Disaster prevention is already made to be more mundane. "What you're actually trying to do is create a situation where, when the hazard and the agents, nothing happens," he says.

Local hero: Sewers don't overflow. Tornados fail to blow the roofs off houses that were designed to withstand a 100-year rain fall under the weight of ice and are remodeled within hours, instead of thousands of hours chipping and taking weeks to rebuild. "What's the benefit of that?" McRae asks. It's obvious, of course, but hard to tally: a dollar that could go to safeguarding against a vague threat is a dollar that can be spent today on health care or tax cuts or a war on terrorism. Today's needs are pressing; Hurricane Katrina's dangers are hard to see, and it's far too late. Which is why specialists in disaster reduction live in a world of we-should and why don't they, while the victims of catastrophe are trapped in a world a world would have and why didn't they.

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MACLEAN'S 100

ROGERS
The Big Picture

FRIDAY
SEPT. 2

Thousands line a street on the outskirts of the city waiting for bus transportation to Houston

sticks and leaves and fins, they meet in the arms of our city in certain times of year and bridle with voices and song. These meetings are one of the great spectacles the Crescent City has to offer.

A Mardi Gras Indian doesn't wear the same "war," the same incredibly intricate and carefully constructed costume, two years in a row. On Ash Wednesday, the day after Carnival has ended, he will remove his old suit and immediately begin creating a new costume, one head, one stalk, at a time. I've seen beautiful headworks from Indians all across North America, and the Mardi Gras Indian headwork is some of the best. Men and women sit patiently in their living rooms and sew together, over the course of a year, just for the chance to stand proudly and prove themselves on Fat Tuesday. That's dedication, that's focus, that's love. That's New Orleans. One head at a time. One break, one wiff, one house re-built at a time.

Andrea fed me Houston with a week-end's worth of clothes and a few important papers. Those my summer's travel insurance with my eagle feather tucked safely inside.

That's about it. That's about all we can say now if you want to believe the TV. But we're lucky. We won't forget that.

I wake up early this morning, able to sleep only a couple of hours. A chemical fire is burning out of control. The President has imposed a ban on the clean-up until today. Thousands are still stuck in the city with little or nothing. Carpeis continue to eat and swim in the sun and water. Mardi Gras has been declared. As slow as the water drains from the city, the people have begun to move outside. Turn off the TV. The Fan Donnells' song Walking to New Orleans has been running through my head daily. His house was in the Ninth Ward. I hear that song to repeat. I hear an Andante heart song for my day.

My brother-in-law, Tom, has coffee with me.

We debate the most effective way to reinforce New Orleans. Reinforce New Orleans. I'm surprised I am talking about that.

Whenever I'm away from that city, and people ask me where I live, I always answer

the same way. I spend a lot of my time in the Crescent City. I always get the same look, the same smile that says, you lucky bugger. It must be fast. I tell these people it isn't Mardi Gras every day of the year there, you know. New Orleans has some serious social, environmental and mental problems. Yeah, whatever, their smile says. It must be fun.

In a week, in a month, in a year, this city will be replaced by a new one. America has become the land of crisis. Al Qaeda and terrorism. Gas shortages. Social strife. Natural disasters. It seems to me that nothing that America is addressed to these crises. You aren't forced to deal with your fundamental problem if you are always in a state of emergency. But something tells me this one is different. Katrina ate away the thin membrane separating culture from social breakdown in early as she stripped the white Teflon skin from the Superdome. We will be forced to face for the city that are fragile, and for the people who are so often forgotten.

Whenever I'm away from that city, and people ask me where I live, I always answer

ON THE WEB For up-to-the-minute coverage of the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, visit www.ew.com/ontheweb

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD; COOPER/TORONTO STAR

Politics | BY JOHN GEDDES

MISTER ONTARIO

How Dalton McGuinty resurrected himself by trashing Ottawa over payments

ONTARIO PREMIER Dalton McGuinty knows better than most politicians that once an idea gets stuck in the public's mind, it's hard to dislodge. After winning the provincial election in the fall of 2003, he failed to keep a string of campaign promises, most notably by raising taxes in the following year's budget. The now-obsolete "flat" tax stuck to him. It took months of dogged, repetitive messaging to begin replacing the "17" word with another easy-to-grasp notion: the gas. All last winter and into the spring, McGuinty hammered home his position: Ontario gives \$23 billion a year more to Ottawa than it gets back—way too much. "By as they might, his federal Liberal cohorts haven't been able to persuade Ontario voters that McGuinty's gap isn't a problem."

It's been a torturous coup for the premier. He's reenvisioned himself in his province's voice in the high-stakes game that is Canadian fiscal federalism. Back in early May, Paul Martin cut out to give Ontario \$7 billion more over five years. But if the P.M. thought that would be enough to buy peace, he was wrong. McGuinty knew proroguing would close the gap ever harder. Last week, he called for a national commission to study financial relations between Ottawa and the provinces, the start of a long race the landmark Lowell Commission, which 1949 report paved the way for a Fortune shift of power to Ottawa. "I believe in federalism," McGuinty said. "But I am equally convinced that the fiscal arrangements designed to support it are terribly outmoded."

McGuinty links his argument closely to education, his top policy priority, saying Ontario needs to keep most of its money to invest in a world competitive workforce. For federal Liberals facing an election only in 2006—with Ontario, at least, shaping up as the most important battleground—an ongoing war of words with McGuinty's wing of their party is a clarifying process. Yet it is hard to see the conflict easing any time soon. McGuinty's newly raised point

The premier has been telling Martin the province pays too much and gets too little

persons to file. Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Marc Garneau, though, calls it "a bit of a stretch." "I'm fine with my federal colleagues, I respect them," Garneau says. "But I want them to understand that respect, not to me, but to the people of Ontario."

She cringed. Liberal MPs were voting sharply about a recent Ontario Chamber of Commerce report that warned Ontario might not have to stop most of Ottawa's keep draining its wealth. That danger, she insists, is real. What would it take to halt the slide? McGuinty has resisted being pinned down

MCGUINTY says he believes in federalism. It's just that the fiscal arrangements are "terribly outmoded."

now figure, and Bourassa's region wouldn't be specific either, that the deal offers that face of that \$23 billion Ontario contribution over what it gets back from Ottawa, the mid-60 per cent can be chalked up to the government's strong tax base, the remaining 40 per cent re "unfair" federal programs.

Their measure of alleged unfairness amounts to a whopping \$9.2 billion a year. Is it possible Ontario is being so grossly shortchanged? Depends which expert you ask. Starting out how cash flows back and forth among Ottawa and the provinces really trying to understand the New Orleans system of levees, canals and pumps. McGuinty both his complex case down as a few compelling examples: Ontario gets \$837 per person from Ottawa in health and social transfers, while the other provinces get \$841; federal infrastructure programs since 1999 flourished \$73 per person in Ontario, compared to \$63 in the rest of the country.

In response, federal Citizenship and Immigration Minister Joe Volpe, a powerful Ontario voice at Martin's cabinet table, has

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and the province get less and gives more because it's rich. But McGuinty's strengths have recently been coupling figures to highlight the poverty inside that prosperity. Among the statistics they cite: 771,533 people in Ontario live below the low-income line according to 2001 census data, more than double the 350,395 in the four Alberta provinces combined.

Still, Ontario's need to cope with social problems isn't McGuinty's motivation. His argument seems to be that the need for Ontario's economy to stay competitive, his government needs to renew aggressively its education. And it is on this point that the politics of the gap turns into something much more than a debate about dollars. It's a struggle between Ottawa and the provinces over what politicians at both levels are in the policy files they hope to dominate in the future. The premiers made education the central theme of their recent Council of the Federation meeting in Banff, Alta., and they plan to stage an education summit in Ottawa in late October or early November. That's about the same time Martin's government is expected to release a pre-election economic policy



McGuinty has been saying that the danger of Ontario sinking to low-net status is real

— in which the federal focus on education is almost certain to feature as the major theme.

Tom Courchene, the Queen's University public policy professor and guru on the inner workings of Canadian federalism, was almost as part of a wider federal-provincial struggle. According to Courchene, provinces hold the key constitutional responsibilities in the new

global economy, especially new education. But Ottawa has more revenue-generating capacity, largely because it "just there first," by imposing taxes such as the cash-spitting GST. So while provinces were to take the initiative in their jurisdictions, Ottawa uses spending power to show its way into a leadership role. "Human capital and education is now the cornerstone of competitiveness," he says. "Ottawa has to be there for nation-building purposes, but it doesn't have the jurisdiction, just the fiscal clout."

The upshot is that Ottawa's status on the hot policy file depends on its maintaining a financial edge over the provinces. Thus, McGuinty's demand for a shift of fiscal might back to Ontario amounts to challenging the federal government's vision of its own future. And Ontario hardly alone in attacking the "fiscal outbalance," a major gripe of Quebec's Jean Charest, among other premiers. Their solidarity on the issue, though, depends on keeping Ottawa as the shared enemy. Any hint of making Alberta's soaring oil revenues a target for the less prosperous provinces—in other words, all of them—triggers angry defensive reaction in Alberta from an out-of-left-field proponent from Courchene last week that Alberta should reluctantly cede its new entrepreneurial resource revenue-sharing plan and with a testy hands off response. The flare-up prompted McGuinty to quickly assure that he doesn't resent Alberta's petro-dollars.

No sensible Ontario premier would buck on漫漫 a support from other provinces in a political saw, the ingrained anti-Confederation wariness across the country is too strong. But McGuinty may not really need close allies. In the run-up to the federal vote expected early in 2006, Ontario's 106 seats, out of the 308 in the House, command plenty of attention. Polls last spring showed that nearly 60 per cent of Ontario voters bought McGuinty's case that Ottawa was treating their province unfairly.

Even worse from the federal Liberal perspective, the Bloor Research Associates polling firm found "the principal beneficiary of Premier McGuinty's campaign for a bigger share of federal resources has been Stephen Harper and the Conservatives." With McGuinty's gap gaping as a full political issue, Martin might have to find a way to make peace—or risk letting this rift become a liberal plague him in the biggy background of the coming re-election bid.

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ROGERS
Your World Right Now

ONTARIO LA MARCHE
MARCH DES DIX SOUS
OF DIMES DE L'ONTARIO



Ontario March of Dimes was established in 1951 to fund research and provide medical and rehabilitative assistance to people who had contracted polio. "Over the many years, the vision has not changed. Today we are a multi-service organization that provides innovative programs and services to people with post-polio syndrome and other conditions that cause physical disabilities, including multiple sclerosis, cerebral palsy, arthritis, ALS and stroke," says Andra Spindel, President and CEO. In fact, with about 1,600 staff and more than 18,000 volunteers, Ontario March of Dimes is the largest community-based rehabilitation organization in Ontario. "Our vision is to create a society inclusive of people with physical disabilities."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DIME CAN MAKE

In 1951, the fund-raising efforts were quite simple: mothers, determined to help find a vaccine for polio, canvassed door-to-door, raising funds one dime at a time. Known as the Marching Mothers, they received support from the community, celebrity endorsements and school children. Using 50-cent cards of dimes, they collected \$14,000.

Fast-forward to 2009 and 15,000 "Marching Mothers" now canvas throughout Ontario during the month of January. Their goal is to raise \$1 million, which is just one-tenth of Ontario March of Dimes' annual fund-raising target of \$6 million.

THE POLIO VACCINE

This year marks the 50th anniversary of the Salk vaccine, which helped to eradicate poliomyelitis polio in North America. Polio is a highly contagious viral disease characterized by headache, fever, vomiting and stiffness, and in two percent of cases, paralysis and permanent disability. Together, Ontario March of Dimes, Polio Canada and Canada Post are celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Salk vaccine with this special edition stamp, available on September 9, 2009.



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CONDUCTIVE EDUCATION CANADA

Conductive Education® is a special program that merges elements of education and rehabilitation to teach individuals the skills and strategies to be independent, explains Charlie Morgan, Conductive Education Provincial Lead. Conductor Participants develop problem-solving skills and techniques body control, mobility and communication.

STROKE RECOVERY CANADA

In June 2004, Stroke Recovery Canada® was launched prior to the World Stroke Congress in Vancouver at the request of stroke recovery associations and local groups across the country, explains Kimberly Davies, National Manager, Peer Support Services. "They needed one national voice for stroke survivors and their caregivers." Stroke is one of the leading causes of death and disability especially among adults. And the numbers continue to increase - approximately 300,000 Canadians live with the effects of a stroke and 60,000 Canadians have a stroke every year. The average stroke survivor lives 10 years after a stroke but while generally less than six months to two years, says Davies. "We're working on awareness programs that stroke recovery is not a short term process. The process can take many years and the key is continuation."

POLIO CANADA

For much of Elizabeth Lounsbury's adult life, the only outward sign that she'd had polio as an 8-year old was the supportive leg braces that she wore all the time. Otherwise, she did her best to follow her doctor's advice, that was to forget she ever had polio. Elizabeth married and raised five children. She also worked full-time, running her own business. When Lounsbury was in her early 40s she started to experience a lot of pain; there were new weaknesses and she felt exhausted all the time, so

much so that she had to sell her business and stop working. At the time, doctors told Elizabeth there was nothing wrong with her. What Lounsbury was experiencing was post-polio syndrome (PPS). PPS is a condition that affects polio survivors anywhere from 10 to 40 years after recovery from an initial poliomyelitis attack of the poliovirus. While PPS is characterized by fatigue, slowly progressive muscle weakness and at times, muscular atrophy.

Today Lounsbury, 62, is managing her symptoms, and is the Chair of Polio Canada® a program of Rehabilitation Foundation for Disabled Persons, Canada. Polio Canada links people with post-polio syndrome as well as regional support groups and organizations. It is estimated there are more than 185,000 Canadian living today who have survived polio. Polio Canada provides information and support services. It's also working to get more recognition for post-polio syndrome as a health condition requiring medical and social support.

Stroke Recovery Canada, Polio Canada and Conductive Education Canada are programs of Rehabilitation Foundation for Disabled Persons, Canada. RFDP Canada was incorporated as a national charity and subsidiary of Ontario March of Dimes to provide a legal and fiscal framework for the expansion of national programs.

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Over the years, many celebrities have helped Ontario March of Dimes including TV personality Betty Kennedy O.C., the first female federal cabinet minister Rt. Hon. Ellen Fairclough, hockey greats Darryl Sittler and Lanny McDonald, politicians Rt. Hon. Paul Martin, Rt. Hon. Paul Martin, former prime minister, and former Minister of Justice, Veronica Tennant O.C., former Ontario premier, Hon. David Peterson, musician Oscar Peterson C.C. (journalist and activist June Callwood O.C.), and currently, actor Leslie Nielsen O.C.



LESLIE NIELSEN, ACTOR

ONTARIO LA MARCHE
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For more information about Ontario March of Dimes and Rehabilitation Foundation for Disabled Persons, Canada, please visit www.dimes.on.ca.

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ALL FOR ONE?

For the first time in years, Canada and the U.S. explore their will to defend one another

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE the attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, Canadian and American officials will sit down across the table from one another this month and begin delicate negotiations over the future of their joint military institutions. The subject of their talks will not be Afghanistan or Iraq, but the defence of North America itself. For almost a century, the U.S. and Canada have jointly defended their skies in what has been perhaps the most intense bilateral military collaboration in the world. Burrowed deep inside Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado, reporting from some 7,100 feet above sea level, the North American Aerospace Defense Command—known as NORAD—is a taut, clandestine operation in which an American airman and a Canadian

deputy command officer from both countries—should patch on their matching flight suits and distinguish the bunkers here from the Canadas, the low-tension fires of the left-seam, the watch the skies from these damp, steel-walled buildings at the end of deep, Bunker-like tunnels of exposed rock. From white phones on their desks in the Battle Management Center—an 800-sq.-foot room lined with computer work stations—commanders are able to scramble fighter planes to intercept airborne threats from either side of the border.

But the agreement that makes this arrangement possible expires in May. Prime Minister Paul Martin and President George W. Bush have said they want to use this renewal process to expand the Cold War partnership

into a strengthened defence against threats from terrorism, rogue states, and natural disasters. But they left unanswered the key question: by how much?

For three years and a cost to Canadians of \$13.3 million, a group of military and civilian specialists convened by both governments has studied the question. The 20 Americans and 20 Canadians began with the proposition that borders should not stand in the way of saving lives when it comes to dealing with natural disasters or attacks. If Canadian troops have the closest chemical, decontamination equipment to a disaster in Maine,

In the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center, Yanks and Canucks sit shoulder to shoulder, ready to react to an airborne threat.

they should cross the border and use the lead without delay. If a major disaster in Canada could be helped by U.S. personnel or equipment, they should be permitted to help at a moment's notice. "Why would we limit ourselves to our own pool of resources if our neighbours have something very close by that could be useful?" asks Marc Bergeron, a Canadian army captain who is the current director of the group, known as the Bi-National Planning Group.

But the reality does not live up to that neighbourhood ideal.

When the researchers began investigating what's on the shelf, just the two countries had for co-operation, they were shocked. First, the protocols (most on paper and some costing only in one copy) were scattered to the four winds: some in Ottawa, some in Washington, others in Nova Scotia, and the rest "in grandpa's basement," in the words of one senior researcher. Most were out of reach and out of mind of a commander who might be able to use them. All but the NORAD agreement were gravely out of date. Most plans focused on the Soviet threat some reflected in agencies that no longer exist, and most had not been practised by the people who were meant to execute them.

Up-to-date contingency plans can save time in an emergency because they allow the two militaries to co-operate without having to seek the political permission to do so, as long as the situation meets the criteria agreed to ahead of time by political leaders. "If the plan is in place, you just go quickly through a checklist, and you've done it, instead of wondering if you have the authority to do it," says the other director, Randal Card, a U.S. major general and former commanding officer of the U.S. Abraham Lincoln aircraft carrier (he and Bergeron worked together in the Persian Gulf, where the Canadian commanded HMCS Ottawa).

The more the group probed the realities of cross-border co-operation, the more it came to the conclusion that relying on the ad hoc goodwill of both countries to help each other in an emergency was irresponsible

thinking. New plans needed to be drawn up, but more than that, both militaries needed a new culture and a new structure to promote co-operation.

The writers the researchers followed for the politics in their interim report last October are ambitious and some degree politically provocative. The sole NORAD should be replaced by a new unified bi-national command that would identify and respond to threats from air, land and sea. This new "North American Defence Command" could



The formal entrance (above), and the 25-ton door that seals off the mountain from attack.

be "expanded to integrate all divisions in a coherent military strategy that will seal our common security and prosperity." The NORAD agreement could be replaced by a broader "Continental" Defence and Security Agreement, wrote the group. Its final report is due in the spring.

While the group worked, however, commands were proliferating rather than consolidating. In the fall of 2002, the U.S. established U.S. Northern Command, or US NORTHCOM—a centre that combines all American forces, sea, air and land, for the defence of North America. Canada is now muddling the effort by creating Canada

Command, based in Ottawa, which had failed to begin operations next spring. Has the two will work together, and how they will interact with NORAD, remains to be seen.

For now, there are Canadian liaison officers in US NORTHCOM's operations centre, some 56 km from Cheyenne Mountain at Peterson Air Force Base, which also houses NORAD's administrative headquarters. Their job is to coordinate by phone and email with their own commands. But their station underscores some of the obstacles to smooth co-operation. Canadians are not allowed to sit much in walls in front of one entire row of workstations—one of which contains an intelligence computer encased in a black box and off-limits to foreigners. "What kind of information does it contain?" "I'm not allowed to tell you," says Col. Bob Hellerman, a U.S. National Guard pilot of 30 years, one of the commanders of the centre. Nor is it a workstation that will be used to track missiles in part of the ballistic missile defence system. Once this system is operational, it will be off-limits to Canadians.

It is such barriers to information sharing that alarm the Bi-National Planning Group, which has been mapping the way information flows within and between the two militaries. It becomes a broad challenge in both countries to improve intelligence sharing—meaning "no foreign" access. Even if officials from one country believe the information could one day be used against them, the other, enabling rules could put them in legal peril for mishandling classified information if they pass on, note Bergeron. More than that, the group wants to open information flow among not only the two former service, but all agencies in both countries involved in homeland security—from civilian law enforcement agencies to local fire departments. Rather than "fence" military-air military information sharing, they want to achieve a "spokeless" of information flow among agencies. There were hard lessons learned during a recent military exercise involving a hypothetical nuclear "dirty bomb" over the Ambassador Bridge

that India, Pakistan and Darfur, the largest conflict for cross-border crime. While the RCMP and FBI shared information efficiently and military forces failed to end violence in the former, these served as a lack of "cross-talk" with other agencies, which led to a string of clusters of the border, shutdowns of air ports and until crisis to both economies. This, say Bergeron and Coad, is what needs to be avoided.

But neither U.S. nor Canadian political leaders are interested in raising integration to the level of a broader framework. "My officials familiar with the negotiating positions of both countries. "A single block-buster joint command for both countries to cover everything in unnecessary and too big, and there would be worries about sovereignty," says a senior Canadian official involved in the talks who spoke on condition of anonymity. "We are more likely to take a modest approach, being pragmatic and moving gradually on where we should go." Canadian officials do, however, like the idea of revised and well-rehearsed contingency plans for external or regional intervention and assistance to civilian agencies. "There will be standard operating procedures, well-documented communication of who does what that our cabinet has reviewed in detail," the Canadian official said.

Nor are the Americans clamouring for an overarching binational command. "Don't expect" a new North American Defence Command, said an American official directly involved in the negotiations. "While Canadians may be concerned about the discrete political representation of military integration with the U.S., some people in the U.S. military question whether Canada brings enough to the table in terms of air and naval assets to make a joint command worthwhile." I think we're going to end up with something that's a whole lot different from the existing agreement," added the U.S. official.

In February, Paul Martin delivered a bold rhetorical slap in the face to George W. Bush by declaring Canada would not take part in America's attempt to build a system to defend the continent from long-range ballistic missiles, which some fear could be deployed by rogue states such as North Korea. His announcement, made with great flourish and under an umbrella from the NDP and the Bloc Québécois, baffled Americans.

The missile defence system, still under development, would in theory be a network of sensors and ground-based "interceptors" that would shoot "kill vehicles" into the Earth's atmosphere to intercept missiles long before they reached their target. The technology is more challenging, but the top of the same as the 20th-century-old mission of NORAD.

Such a surveillance project could be modelled on NORAD's new "Air Warning Center," a view of computers in the mountain that

tracks the comings and goings of all aircraft over the continent. Before the 2001 attacks, NORAD watched the perimeter of the continent using military radar. Information about domestic flights required a phone call to the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration, and the good lacked being passed through to the appropriate person. On the day of the 2001 attacks, the FAA took no

action off course, which could indicate a lagging. The warplanes are also tracked by spotters that channel the "chatter" of flight controllers all over the country, instantly telling NORAD if a civilian passenger causes disturbance on a flight anywhere in the country.

But the view of the sky remains much more limited. At the moment, both countries



Langley Air Force Base, neither side has shown interest in talking integration.

watch their own skies, but neither has a joint real-time picture of the continent. Set up a link from Europe to the American East Coast first gives Newfoundland and Nova Scotia a vessel sailing to Canada's first Air Station first past Alaska. Even though

THAT LOUD BMD SLAP

As Canada sits down with its nose to negotiate the future of military co-operation with the United States, Canadian politicians might consider not undermining their needs with their words, as they did earlier this year in the case of ballistic missile defence.

Or did it?

It was the Canadian government not Bush, that in May 2003 asked to open discussions about potential co-operation on missile defence. It quickly became clear that the most valuable contribution Canada could make would be to allow access to space surveillance information collected by the North American Aerospace Defence Command, NORAD's joint Canada-U.S. operation. NORAD's data was not a prerequisite to making the system work, but it would be helpful. Canada agreed wholeheartedly, signing in August 2004 an amendment to the NORAD agreement, knowing just that (this is why Canada's ambassador to the U.S., Mark McKinney, said the country was participating in BMD, only days before the government denied it.)

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Such a surveillance project could be modelled on NORAD's new "Air Warning Center," a view of computers in the mountain that

shows move more slowly than planes, they could be carrying weapons that move at the speed of sound. It's not necessary to agree on a picture of the sky we old be useful.

However, neither side is interested in a combined naval command—which some consider "it's an opportunity lost," says Dwight Mason, the former chairman of the U.S. section of the Permanent Joint Board on Defense under the Clinton administration, and an advocate of greater integration. Monitoring the sea journies in one flag, but suspending it sounds better, "It's a problem of coordinating response," says Mason, now senior associate of the Canada Project at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, a Washington-based think tank. "If you have responsibility for the coast of Nova Scotia and New England, officially each navy is to operate separately. These days when there is less time to find around it's better to be organised."

Liam Ginn (left) George Macdonald, a standing, in support of the project, to respond to the missiles once they are identified. It remains unclear precisely what the Martin government has decided to participate in, since the U.S. was not requesting any specific help. They just wanted us to look. Perhaps there could have been less research and development opportunities. Ukraine has signed on to the project for this reason, or maybe Canada could have located special stations on its territories like Britain and Denmark have done. Martin assured Americans to have simply declined to co-operate for the sake of being seen as decline—while offering viable alternative behind the scenes.

Contrast this pre-emptive approach with the shrewd diplomacy of the Australians, who have "signed on" to BMD without anyone being particularly clear on what role they might possibly play. "Whatever it is, they just want to be in it," marvels an American official. The Canada-Australia comparison is instructive to other ways Canada has deployed 15,000 personnel and 20,000 troops to Afghanistan and the Persian Gulf area since 2001. It has been the largest participant in the war in Afghanistan, after the

former deputy commander-in-chief of NORAD and former Canadian vice-chair of defense staff, also calls the modest approach of both governments a "hand-in-hand missed opportunity." Macdonald, now an Ottawa consultant, adds, "I'm personally disappointed that we Canadians are not seizing the opportunity to be more aggressive in finding areas of mutual security where we could co-operate with the U.S. I feel our economic, cultural, and physical interests are implicated."

The Bi-National Planning Group says it will support whatever agreement the two countries forge but it must remain as philosophical about the prospects for greater integration in the future. "I don't think it will be an end-state," says Bergeron of the NORAD agreement that is about to be renegotiated. "It's the beginning—of a long journey to make it better."

United States. Australia has sent a fraction of the soldiers, and yet Australians are seen as model allies, in part because they publicly supported the Iraq war.

Canadians, thinking the numerically greater sacrifice but withholding moral support for the Iraq conflict, are seen with some suspicion in no small part due to Canadians' reluctance to criticize the war and calling the commander-in-chief insulting names. Yet while their prime minister John Chretien was declining Canada's non-support for the Iraq war, Canada was leading a naval task force in the Persian Gulf area fighting the war on terror. Canada's deployment to Afghanistan freed up American troops to fight in Iraq. The American government has awarded 20 Bronze Stars to Canadian service personnel and a presidential unit citation to members of Joint Task Force 2 in the war on terror. Canada now has an opportunity to turn the page and match its political rhetoric to its on-the-ground co-operation with the United States. By doing so it could get more credit in Washington for the relatively little that it continues to be in security—if not in words. —L.C.H.



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PRESUMPTIONS OF GUILT

Will David Radler turn on Conrad Black? Well, we're assuming so.

IT IS NOW WIDELY AGREED that Conrad Black is in an inescapable legal trap—sprung by his long-time associate, David Radler. Last month, when Radler decided to plead guilty to fraud, and to co-operate with the ongoing investigation into alleged financial wrongdoing at Hollinger International, pundits were unanimous: this was a legal catastrophe for the fallen press tycoon. His name hasn't even been mentioned by prosecutors. That may, we'll see enough *Law and Order* to know that once you get the master instrument to flip on the big Gay, you've only got a few minutes before credits roll—just enough time

for a guilty verdict, and a world-weary sermon from Jack McCoy.

But unlike *Law and Order*, real life sometimes provides surprise endings. And in the case of *Everybody v. Conrad Motta Black*, a few surprises have been made that may yet prove unfounded. And they could provide some unexpected plot twists before the story's over.

The popular presumption begins with the fraud charges brought last month against Radler, former Hollinger lawyer Mark Kieran, and Black's private building company Revenue. Executive Hollinger International accused Radler of aiding in providing over a "corporate kickback," the word has been written for the feds to lesser the burden. But new charges have finally been filed. They look a lot like treason. The courageous Radler, Kieran and Ray also dealt with only a handful of allegedly unauthorised or falsified invoices. According to the prosecution, the executives, along with a few disgruntled "co-conspirators," diverted \$188.52 million out of Hollinger through legal non-cash corporate payments and bonuses between 1998 and February 2001.

Now, where I come from, US\$18 million is still a lot of dough, well the charges carry a maximum sentence of 35 years prison, so this is hardly *perjury-and-a-half*. But it is a far cry from the US\$500-million conspiracy outlined by Hollinger more than a year ago. As I approached the feds, the feels are alleging a rather modest one. What's more, the suspect deals covered by the criminal charges are old news. The company first discovered and



Sure, Radler was the trusted henchman, but that's no guarantee he'll be a credible witness.

declined them in the fall of 2003. At the time, they were considered scoundrels, but certainly not criminals. Initially, Black was allowed to remain in chairman. It wouldn't until weeks later that the whole affair got really messy and Black was ousted.

The indictment makes no mention of tens of millions of dollars of disputed fees paid to Black, Radler and others in part of the rule of Hollinger's major Canadian newspapers to CanWest in 2000. There's nothing about the hundreds of thousands of dollars in personal expenses contested by the company. And there's no reference

to the various questionable loans between Hollinger International and the underlying colonies in Black's Byzantine media empire.

This has left many puzzled, and has led to a widespread belief that there must be a bigger, more damning, more humiliating indictment on the way for Black.

Well, there is, but this is not necessarily the Hollinger report. It was full of accusations, and a long list of allegations of abuse of corporate power. But even if they're all true (which hasn't been proven), it's not clear that any of them amount to criminal fraud. In fact, most of the central complaints—including the CanWest payments, the alleged misuse of expense accounts, and bloated management fees—were either approved by the board, or fall into the realm of subjective judgment.

It's a big leap from bad governance to criminal fraud. And although we journalists don't often concern ourselves with such distinctions, Federal Court judges do. If much of the alleged misconduct by Hollinger's former executives was disclosed or approved in one way or another, it'll be tough to make it case that anybody should go to the slammer for excessive fees, or helping the corporation get a big fat tax break. Don't be fooled: this possibility is a canard conversation, however. In New York, London and Toronto, the chattering classes are convinced Black will share the fate of Dennis Koslowski—the former chief executive of Tyco—who let shareholders finance his egoistic lifestyle and is now facing 30 years in the clink. Ask the gossip and they'll tell you the feds are still building a similar case against Black. Radler, they say, is now spelling all the secrets, tilting investigation where to look for buried bodies. And there you run into another mystery number 2: that David Radler can and will implicate Conrad Black in criminal wrongdoing.

Let's review for a moment what little we

know about the way business was conducted in the Hollinger group of companies. For about 40 years, Radler was Black's ever-present henchman, the man-in-the-middle

supporting the big-juror strategist. And if there's one rule with which Radler is unequivocally credentialed, it's his ability to track every penny flowing through a business. Black, on the other hand, was more interested in mingling with society's upper crust than doing a grep-and-erase for some hard core member charging.

Black surrounded himself with a group of trusted allies who handled the details. Radler was his henchman, Jack Kaulback was his tax expert, Peter Atkinson and Kieran his lawyers. And while Radler may try to say that he was not entering deals on Black's orders, finding a partner to do otherwise that claim won't be so easy, since decisions at the top executive level were rarely put in writing. You can be sure that if there was any piece of paper, with Black's signature on it, that explicitly detailed malfeasance, Hollinger or the feds would have happily ended our surprise by now.

Everything we know about the company suggests that, at some point, a jury will be asked to weigh one man's word against another's. And that raises the most interesting question of all: that David Radler will be a credible star witness for the prosecution.

On this point it's useful to consider some of the major corporate corruption cases that

WE ALL think we know how this story will end. But there's a gap between what we know and what we expect.

have gone to trial over the past couple of years. Take, for instance, the case of Richard Scrushy, the former CEO of HealthSouth Corp., who was charged with more than a dozen counts of fraud and money laundering in 2003. The government gathered 12 guilty pleas from other HealthSouth executives, including his former finance director, and they all testified against Scrushy. One even successfully got the CEO off the hook by accounting for kickbacks at the company.

But in just, Scrushy was found not guilty on all counts. In a statement released to the media after the decision, jurors said: "The reason behind our verdict was the lack of substantial evidence and witnesses' credibility." After listening to more than one month of

testimony, the jury simply didn't believe a bunch of seemingly innocuous seeking to mitigate their own punishment by shifting blame up the line of command.

Of course, there are many other top executives—Bernie Ebbers at WorldCom and John Rigas at Adelphia, for example—who have been convicted on the word of their underlings. But the fact remains that testimony obtained from co-conspirators is inherently flawed. And given that Radler was widely known to be a more hands-on executive than Black was, it seems prosecutors are going to need more than his word to make a case stick.

We all think we know how this story is going to end, but let's be a few things in mind while we wait for the curtain to fall. There's a gap between what we know and what we expect. After more than a year of investigation, Conrad Black has not even been charged, let alone tried. We have no idea what David Radler is going to say. And even the most damning testimony will not guarantee a conviction. None of that causes what happened at Hollinger, of course. If just half of the allegations are true, it'll go down as one of the ugliest cases of corporate mismanagement on record. But many of Black's distractions are way ahead of themselves.

It's worth remembering that it was Black who initiated the company's internal investigation (equally shareholder unrest). And when the board first uncovered the enormous US\$832 million, Black blamed it on administrative bungling by subordinates, and promised to pay back every penny. From there, the Hollinger affair devolved into a muddle of lawsuits, counter-suits, threats and intimidation. But through it all, Black has never wavered from his contention that, as far as he's concerned, everything at Hollinger was done within the letter of the law.

It may be that Black is in a legal corner he can't escape. Maybe it'll be charged. Maybe he'll be convicted. Maybe he'll even go to jail. And maybe, that would be justice. But if even one of our many interrogations is off the mark, then there is another possibility for us to pursue to consider: maybe Conrad Black—after losing his publishing empire, his reputation, and a bunch of useful friends and much of his money—basically faced all the punishment he likely deserved.

Read Steve March's writing, "All the same," at www.macleans.ca/service

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PROVOCATION

In defence of ethnic cleansing and an unrepressed European upbringing

The crook George Jonas was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1935. He grew up under both Nazism and Communism before emigrating to Canada in the exodus of 1956. The high-profile newspaper columnist, novelist and bestselling author has also written, directed and produced more than 200 documentaries and dramas for the CBC (including the award-winning series *The Solot of Solotaroff*), and is widely known for his passion for planet and masculinity. His latest book is *Brauchers's Mask: Maxence My Life and Times*. He talked to Maclean's Editor-in-Chief Kenneth Whyte last week in Toronto.

The book is a "life and times"—your life and the times of Western civilization and mostly European civilization over the last several years. What has changed most about Europe in your eyes?

As far as I can tell, it has begun to feel much more like America. It is when you part from certain obvious archaic and things, when you walk in a European street, you can no longer tell that you're not in fact in North America. You experience a superficial degree of Americanization that is quite astounding. Fifty years ago, America was unique in that you could not sell a person's occupation by looking at him or talking to him. In Europe, you almost unfailingly could tell the exact social positioning of a person just by the way he moved or he pulled up a chair, the way he talked, the way he was dressed. In America, you couldn't. The though-to-in-law of Hungary's regent [between 1920 and 1944], whose diary I quote from in the book, was astounded on encountering the American occupational focus in Germany—it was one of the first notes she made in her diary—that you literally did not know the rank of Americans. You couldn't tell officers from enlisted men and subalterns from the highest ranking self-officers and that was quite stunning. So to that sense

Europe has become thoroughly Americanized and that is a huge change. Meanwhile, in the sense of how to organize a state, Americanism became Europeanized. When I came to Canada, there used to be two sayings. When people didn't understand what you did, they would say, "Ooh, there ought to be a law." Now you hardly ever hear that saying anymore because there's no law there, there's a law, there is a law. That is European to the extreme. In Europe there were laws about where you could live, which great city you could step on, and so forth. This has become now a property of North America. The other thing that I used to hear—and I certainly don't hear it anymore—again when people kind of disagreed with you they said, "Well it's a free country." It used to be,

You grew up in Europe during a particularly brutal period of its history, yet you talk in the book of compensating advantages of a European upbringing.

I think if I have any nostalgia for Europe, or for the Europe that I used to know, or the nation state with which it handled things like alcohol and sex and so forth, I found it vaguely irritating that somebody like Churchill would have such high political contempt for Europe when I arrived here and was so wise in the stringencies of its public affairs and civil affairs as you might in some way irritate, sexualize, legitimize. I was very happy that my background in manners having to do with human relations occurred in Europe, because I thought that it was better.

What are the principal differences?

I described them in part of one chapter where I think that the experimentation between young men and women proceeded at least in part of Europe, but not perhaps in the whole of Europe—with much more wisdom and understanding. It was

not a big deal, whereas in much of Canada and North America, it seemed accompanied with deep complications and guilt and hang-ups which crossed religious lines. Whether you were Catholic or Jewish, somehow the whole thing was a big dark complicated thing and [in Europe] that was largely absent. I was served alcohol when I was about 10 or 12 years old and my father poured me a glass of wine with dinner. Here I had to be 21 in order to get a bottle of beer. It was puzzling because it was so different from the way other nations were handled, and it led me to the conclusion that perhaps every period and every continent has its own form of maturity. I don't talk about that in the book, but someone has a theory that there is only so much goodness and soberness and so forth to go around in the world and once this hemisphere consumed the market on political sanity there wasn't too much left for Europe, and Europe consumed the market on sympathy and sexual sanity and there wasn't enough for North America.

But you come here at the height of the so-called sexual revolution, or at least the start of it. Did that change things at all?

The sexual revolution, when that happened in the fifties, escaped with vengeance, and from a go-further and further distance everyone turned into baboons. I thought it was the natural consequence of the revolution. In fact, at the time I was saying it's not surprising people are behaving like baboons because they were so needlessly repressed.

You begin a chapter on the Holocaust with a quote from Sennett about how chronic grief becomes offensive and deserves to be redefined.

Well, I think that Sennett's quote speaks for itself. The reason I begin with the quote is simply because most memories of not just the Holocaust but traumatic events, tragic events,



Jonas events, and so forth are written from a working-class point of view, somebody who wants the recording of the traumatic event itself if they are not self-playing, just by describing what happened they have a sort of overwhelming the viewer or reader in a way that provides little. You know

the old saying each story of the so-called who tells the greatest tragic tale of her life and there is no calamity that can't befall a person that didn't befall her, and she is telling the

old saying each story of the so-called who tells the greatest tragic tale of her life and there is no calamity that can't befall a person that didn't befall her, and she is telling the old saying each story of the so-called who tells the greatest tragic tale of her life and there is no calamity that can't befall a person that didn't befall her, and she is telling the old saying each story of the so-called who tells the greatest tragic tale of her life and there is no calamity that can't befall a person that didn't befall her, and she is telling the

truth and everybody in the village needs believes her and they follow her story with great sympathy, but once she gets to the last chapter of her story, when she was escaping from Africa across some river with her last remaining child, and she is almost at the other shore when a crocodile comes out of the river and grabs the child and drags her into the dark and everybody breaks up laughing because it's really too much. That is the fate of the Holocaust stories after a certain time, at least in my mind, so I was fortunate that in telling one Holocaust story, it didn't have to do that because I could tell the exact opposite of that story. And that is how, for one night at least, not just a German but an anti-Semitic saved my life at the risk of his own. That I felt was a far more interesting story to tell rather all the other nations have been told, and I was glad to be able to tell that particular story in line with Sennett's vision.

You argue in the section of the book that we have escaped (and condemned) in this issue that there was nothing singular about the scope or the territory of the Holocaust. You suggest that it leaves large gaps in our investigations for other reasons. You compare it to a soccer-mad nation. If someone gets killed in a shire, the story gets buried in the classified section, if someone gets murdered in a town neighborhood, the front page news. What kind of response do you think this analogy will provoke from Holocaust memorialists?

Well, I think a lot of historians, in particular under. I have agonized over the severity and the metaphor not because I did not think that it was accurate, but because it was so accurate as to be facile, but I do believe this is one of the reasons why that particular holocaust occupies so much of our attention. There were other holocausts of even greater magnitude and comparable in cruelty, tragedy and unspeakable inhumanity. But, in this

case, the perpetrators had reached the height of human civilization on every level, from social organization to art to science. Humanity had achieved an higher stage of development, yet these people became the perpetrators of an act of barbarity that would have been remarkable enough to call savagery. Neanderthal tribes could not have behaved with greater savagery than the Germans. So that was one reason the holocaust appears to be more singular than it is.

Right. So when you draw the Holocaust this way, suggesting that it was not a singular event in human history, and that it may be getting more than its fair share of attention because of who was involved and the "ethic-bearers" it happened in, are you in danger of diminishing the Holocaust?

I firmly believe in my mind that by pointing to the extreme barbarity of the event,

your father is something of a cosmic shaker in this book, a very alarming man. He was a Hungarian opera singer and singer, I think, so that he was at once a cynical and a happy man, who is a rare combination. Name I got that right?

Well, to begin with, I can cope with broken equilibria, and my father would be the first to agree that certain other traits are worth the occasional crack of judgment and I don't really talk about that in the book, but it's evident for anybody who reads the chapter in which talk about Barbers that I find the experience worthwhile.

you have had strong attractions to bright women, Barbara Astori being one of them, we talk about your marriage in the book. Whose equilibrium cracked in that relationship?

Well, to begin with, I can cope with broken equilibria, and my father would be the first to agree that certain other traits are worth the occasional crack of judgment and I don't really talk about that in the book, but it's evident for anybody who reads the chapter in which talk about Barbers that I find the experience worthwhile.

You describe working at the CBC at the same time as a young Adrienne Clarkson and a young Margaret Atwood, and it seems from the book that they were both obviously going places from a very early age. What was the principal difference between them?

Poetic. Poetic. They were both very young.

'BY THE TIME BARBARA REACHED HER TABLE, THERE WAS TOTAL SILENCE'

I am enhancing and not diminishing it. I would more strenuously object if the results were to diminish it. It's the very opposite of my intention. I feel that what diminishes the Holocaust is that we remove it from common human experience, in though it happened somewhere on Mars. You dismiss every person from it. It is a mistake to dismiss it as a product of the unique antisemitism of the Germans, which once keenly opposed and disappeared in that relatively brief window of time. I have no doubt that I will be misunderstood by some people, either innocently or wilfully. The problem with the Holocaust is that it has an industry built up around it and that industry has certain sound premises in perpetuating it and insisting on its primacy. But I expect that and I am not particularly concerned with that. I am more concerned with some people who uncritically accept the singularity of the Holocaust and reach the wrong conclusions from that.

You describe in the book bringing home news of your attachment to a young woman with a particularly high IQ, and he thought that showed bad judgment on your part.

With my father there was always a thin line between being serious and joking, but I thought he was quite serious about this. He thought that people made mistakes in our reaction with bright women. They think that they are not good cooks or loving or something. All this is nonsense. The brightest women can be the most devoted, loving, etc. It's equilibrium that's the problem. He felt that high IQ was fundamental to the equilibrium of men as well as women, but that women were prone to fall apart above an IQ of 130 while for most the bar was higher above 250.

And is this your experience?

Yes.

Okay, but nonetheless, throughout your life

but Adrienne had a poise that I thought was almost unfeminine for someone as young as she was. She behaved like something of a society matron long before she reached a mature age. Whereas Barbara was the very opposite of measured and poised. She was encrusted. I don't describe this in the book, but she did the cover photo on what I think was the first issue of *Trotta* [a]. It wasn't a see-through dress, but if you walked in a certain way or in a certain light it seemed to be see-through. I took her to lunch after the cover shoot. We went to a restaurant on the Lakeshore [Burland in Toronto] and the hostess who seated us, after having looked at Barbara's dress, did not want to lead us across the dining room but wanted to go around so we would reach our tables unobtrusively as possible. I merely followed the hostess but when I looked back behind me, Barbara had boldly gone across the room. And here is the interesting thing. There was the maternal bar-

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in the dining room with people eating and forks clattering and as on as Barbara entered the room. By the time she reached her table at the other end, there was total silence. That was the difference between Barbara and Adrienne. There were various differences, much deeper on many other levels, but if you wanted to represent the difference in a movie scene that would have been it.

You describe three types of statist assaults on liberalism in the 20th century: Nazism, Communism and the Canadian Way. Does Canada really deserve that company?

Does the Canadian Way deserve to be in the company of Nazism and Communism? If you measure it by the possibility of their success, I would say it has at best mixed other ideologies may be much more brutal and cruel but the Canadian Way may achieve a higher level of success. The Canadian Way is simply statist with a human face. My view has always been that when the chips are down, the methods of my statist enemy would become evident in the methods of the most barbaric statist. It's just that they have a better chance of avoiding the necessity of showing their gullage.

You argue in the book that we should tolerate a certain measure of anti-Semitism. It's always there, always will be, so to try and stamp it out completely is going to generate more social tension than letting it be. Have I got that right?

You put it right. I think this is true of anti-Semitism and a number of other national beliefs.

We have big government-funded campaigns here that are dedicated to stamping out hatred in all its forms.

I think it's like an attempt to stamp out cowpox. Now how do you stamp out cowpox? What you can do is stamp out or demand a reaction to cowpox. You can attempt to explain to people that even if they are afraid of dogs, they don't have to scream and shout around the room when one walks in. I'm suggesting that the important thing may not be to stop people from having dislikes, prejudices, but from feeling that their prejudices entitle them to consider explaining to people the essence of the Ten Commandments is both easier and more productive than trying to force upon

them a certain opinion of another group which they have or don't have according to their likes. Most people don't want to stir anybody. It's easier to get across that you shouldn't blow up people just because you have them. Hate them, but don't blow them up. It's the easier way, more practical.

You have written a chapter in defence of ethnic cleansing. What could there possibly be to say in defence of that?

I guess what brought me to that particular chapter was that the liberal view takes it for granted that Jewish settlements in Palestine are discriminatory to peace in the Middle East. Yet the same people who hold that view would argue it is indiscriminate ethnic cleansing if Israel, which has about a million ethnic Arabs citizens and thousands of Arabs trying to live and work in Israel in spite of the enmity between Israel and the Arab world, viewed its own Arab citizens the way the Palestinian state views Jewish settlers. It would be scandalous and it would be viewed as ethnic cleansing. But absolutely everyone of liberal views in Israel proper is in favour of dismantling the settlements and allowing a purely Arab ethnic state in the Middle East. Now I don't disagree with that—incidentally I favour dismantling at least some of the settlements myself—but I think the question of whether it is useful or desirable in certain situations to segregate ethnic or religious groups, whether it's more conducive to peace and harmony to come to the understanding that in certain periods of history, it is not beneficial or feasible for groups to live more easily, and thus putting up fences—so to speak—harmless conditions can achieve the kind of separation that some nations achieve by bloodier means all by themselves.

So the argument is not in favour of violently imposed ethnic separation but a recognition that in many cases we would be better off acknowledging serious differences among antagonistic ethnicities.

Exactly. When the organizing principles of a given place and a given period call for ethnic separation, we should allow it to occur, and when they call for unification under a different organizing principle, we should allow that to occur, too. In other words, recognizing the natural trend is probably the least intelligent thing we can do, and going with natural trends is the most intelligent. ■

EXCLUSIVE The Maclean's Excerpt

'JEWS ARE NEWS'

Why does the Nazi Holocaust preoccupy us more than any other genocide?

In this excerpt from Beethoven's Mask, heartily condemned by Maclean's, Toronto-based author and journalist George Jonas refutes the popular notion—articulated, among other places, in Daniel Jonah Goldhagen's book Hitler's Willing Executioners—that the Holocaust was a unique event, and that it arose from a peculiarly German kind of anti-Semitism.

I SPENT the first 10 years of my life in Nazi-occupied Europe. My immediate family and I survived the war by being. When I kept my diary, and the Nazis found me as they had found Anne Frank, I would have disappeared without a trace. This would undoubtedly have made the Holocaust a singular and unique event ever since. I am less sure about the Holocaust having been a singular and unique event in world history. To me it seems that it was one of many horrifying holocausts, albeit of enormous proportions. Take, for instance, the Holocaust was the inevitable result of anti-Semitism, and especially that the Holocaust was inevitably the result of a singular and unique type of anti-Semitism peculiar to Germany.

Goldhagen's thesis is that the Holocaust could not have happened without the participation of ordinary Germans, who participated because they were virtually anti-Semitic. This is true enough to start it goes, but it does not go very far. Suggesting that Hitler could not have killed six million Jews without the participation of many other people, and that people who participated in the wholesale slaughter of Jews are likely to be originally anti-Semitic, is saying something originally self-evident.

Goldhagen contends that German people and culture were anti-Semitic in a unique way that he calls "eliminatory." For proof, he documents the historic existence of German anti-Semitic ideas and policies exhaustively and convincingly. But he offers no proof of his Germanianity, or that "eliminatory"

anti-Semitism can be taken as a precursor to, or at least a portent of, genocide.

Proof would be hard to come by, for history shows no inevitable link between anti-Semitism—or any other type of racial, ethnic, class, or religious prejudice or hatred—and genocide. What's more, traditional German prejudices against Jews, though widespread and intense, was less severe than traditional Polish prejudices, and far significantly more acute than French prejudices. Before Hitler's time, Jews of course immigrated to Germany to escape worse discrimination elsewhere.

Was German anti-Semitism before the Hitler era materially different from anti-Semitism in other times and places? I believe it was not. Modern anti-Semitism developed side by side with nationalism, in older organizing principles of the social order weakened. Essentially, it came as a by-product of the Enlightenment. As

The image that shocked the world's conscience: a camp in Auschwitz, May 1945



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some peculiar evil to Germans at a group level, as "race" (to his credit, Collingham gives great pains to avoid it). The problem is, unless we postulate evil, there is little in German history or culture to provide an alternative explanation. Germany's traditions were not less rational, nor less cultured, nor less civilised than other Western civilisations during this period. Her public lives and civil mentality, the personal habits of her citizens, their ethical precepts, their customary religious beliefs, were not markedly different from those of the citizens of other European nations. German art, science, industry, and infrastructure were, if anything, more advanced. Although the governmental institutions in Germany's most post-war countries were not those of France and England, nor in the United States, they were not markedly atavistic in any other conceivable history, even by the time Hitler came to power, the Weimar Republic was a democracy.

Even to the extent that Austria or Hungary might have been, One looks in vain for a national—or even emotional—explanation for a supposed "unique harm" in the history of the relationship between Jews and Germans. The search ends up nothing.

What, then, is the answer? Why did the Holocaust occur in Germany? We can certainly view traditional German anti-Semitism as one contributing cause. Hitler himself must have considered a significant factor. Achim von Arnim, a historian from a party nearly insignificant in the absence

Germany. It was inevitable for conspiracy theories to remain flourishing after such a traumatic event. The will for Nazism was prepared by German anti-Semitism. Ignorant in an immediate stretch for scapegoats, it turned natural to include Jews in this conspiracy.

The imperialisation that started in 1922 and lasted until 1934 was devastating. The stock market crash of 1929 was undoubtedly a factor, but the Depression did not necessarily lead to the rise of totalitarian regimes everywhere. More significant was the race, maybe even unique, vulnerability of the Weimar Republic. Conventional analysis often blames the treaty of Versailles for the rise of Nazism, but the story of Germany as an adolescent democracy was at least as important. That alien teenage-like stage in the nation's life probably had made it do with the unusual eruptions in Germany's soil and air after 1918.

Mature democracies, such as the United States or Great Britain, with solid traditions of both individual liberty and checks and balances on the exercise of power, would have been far more resistant to the totalitarian nature of Nazism than Germany. Additionally, a culture such as Britain's would have been far more resistant to letting a party composed of underground party cells grab the helm of the ship of the state. Serial mobocracy alone would have prevented a corporal like Hitler from becoming supreme leader of England.

But there is something even more singular. The seemingly insurmountable barrier of "Why in Germany?" vanished if we stop in-



sting on the Hitlerites as a unique and singular event. If they were unique, we could scarcely explain, as a sign of all the pains listed above, except by ascribing to German anti-Semitism, subversive McCarthyism that comes perilously close, no matter how we try to get around it, to the inherent sub-human nature the Nazis attributed to Jews.

A race of barbarians with attachment traits of violent anti-Semitism does not metamorphose into a race of liberal humanists overnight. As Collingham increasingly admits in his book, the influence of post-war education could not achieve such a miracle. If Germans are not genetically anti-Semitic today—indeed they are not—it is because Germans were never uniquely ethnocentric genocidal anti-Semites. They were just attachment murderers between 1933 and 1945, as many groups have been at one period or another.

If we view the innumerable tragedies of the Holocaust as only one of many such monstrous tragedies in our history, then the accurate question becomes: "Why not in Germany?" Why could Germans not do evil in the same way that so many other people have done?

"Would suggest that barbarism be considered as a permanent and universal human characteristic which becomes more or less pronounced according to the play of circumstances." The French Catholic philosopher Simone Weil, a converted Jew, wrote

these lines in 1940. The years since have given us no better insight.

A different question: If there is nothing unique about the Nazi Holocaust (while perhaps from its dimension), why does it preoccupy us more than other holocausts?

Much it, for instance, with our attitude to the Communist holocaust. While Nazi criminals who played a direct role in the murder of millions are still hunted down and tried, we rarely prosecute Communist criminals of similar degrees of responsibility. (Interestingly, almost all the exceptions occurred in Germany, which did prosecute some former East German officials after reunification.) Elsewhere it has been many years since the functionaries of KGB or Gulag organisations have to receive government pensions or parades.

The Nazi Party was immediately crushed in post-war Germany. The Communist Party, in contrast, is still the official opposition in the former Soviet Union. Its blossoming like Kira Wilenbach, once discovered, became interned and untraceable. Ex-Communist officials like Mikhail Gorbachev are allowed to join thinktanks or lecture at Western universities. It would be unthinkable for leninist Nazis to be invited to discuss diplomatic protocol receptions in Western countries at which Communists, or even current Communists, are honored guests. And imagine a former Gestapo officer being accepted as the president of post-Nazi Germany, the way ex-KGB officer Vladimir Putin has been accepted as the president of post-Soviet Russia.

Why does racism in the Nazi Holocaust and



the Communist holocaust differently? It is probably impossible to follow the following answers:

To begin with, the holocaust provided people with the initial images of mass slaughter in the Nazi death camps were being beheaded. Germans around the world showed—for the first time in history—heaps of skeletal corpses being pushed into mass graves by bulldozers, along with mounds of human, gold teeth, artifacts alleged to have been made of human skin, and charred remains inside the incinerators of Auschwitz. No ordinary personnel ever seem any thing like it. These images shocked the world's conscience.

The Communist holocaust provided no comparable photo opportunities. The world of the Gulag deep inside the Soviet Union or China remained inaccessible to the cameras of the Western media. The millions of victims between the 1930s and the 1990s perished unseen. By the time a few snapshots appeared on television screens, such as the aftermath of the holocaust in Cambodia, another had become buried to death and destruction through repeated expo site pictures of slaughter in people's living rooms because communists during the television coverage of the Vietnam War. By the end of the 1970s, photographic images had lost their power to shock.

Another contributing reason, at least until recently, was the continuing attitude many opinion makers had to Nazism as opposed to Communism. Identical to the two holocausts may have been, individuals could get drunk on the wine of one, for

AT THE RISK of trivializing a catastrophic event by a facile metaphor, the Holocaust was like a society murder

of an explosive nature, but the down-closure of a blow-up in a place filled with combustible fumes. In another economy—or in Germany in another historical period—Hitler might have died sometime in a flophouse or in a mental institution. But he was where he was, therefore had to be what he had. The holocaust would not have happened without him.

There were many reasons for Germany being unlike other countries in the 1920s. Other countries lacked the shock that followed losing a war that the Germans believed they were winning alone and the last minute. The emotional trauma of that unexpected blow is still incompletely understood outside

more easily than the other. Nazis never "trivialized," to borrow an expression from vascular Communist did.

There were self evident reasons for that. It would have been no momentous find had German superiority to become an export item for non-Germans, or ideas of Aryan superiority for non-Aryans. Marxist notion of the class struggle faced similar obstacles. In addition, Nazism as a social theory could relativize nothing but the coldest and most selfish of human impulses in justifying its call for conquest and slaughter, but Communism could also enlist warm and humane impulses of altruism to motivate its own genetics.

Now, given that Nazism suffered an abject military defeat within a decade of its emergence, while Communism appeared to march from triumph to triumph until the mid-1950s, it is not surprising that generations of opinion makers in academia, journalism and government have been reluctant to discuss acts of Communist genocides the same breath with Nazi acts of genocide. To this day, Communist holocausts may be respectfully denied in countries whose laws treat the denial of the Nazi Holocaust as a crime.

World opinion has also been affined by the fact that the largest single group of Hitler's victims were Jews. Morality as anthonymember of any group does not have exactly the same consequences as mandating million members of another. Recent massacres of Mayors, Malians or Kurds have not resulted in the same echo as earlier massacres of Armenians. The opposition that reaches to genocide will not only win the slighest's magnitude, credibility, or sympathy, discoverability and scope, but also with the ability of its victims and narrators to attract attention and sympathy.

All victims are equal in their desire for, and entitlement to, the world's notice, but they are not always equal in their capacity to capture it. When Germans decided to exterminate the Jews, they picked the wrong group. Auriadash, Jews tended to be gifted and articulate. As an aggregate, they were well placed to disseminate information, especially in the Western hemisphere. Traditional Jewish occupations, in addition to science, business and the law, included such natural humanas as the literary arts, the entertainment industry and the media. What's more, the Diaspora spread Jews all over the globe. Many rose to prominence in various



fields, Jews always amounted to a constituency in many key nations, at least in weight if not in numbers. "Jew is now," an eminent Western scholar on Hitler quipped in a speech in 2002, quoting an old witticism.

Anti-Semites have often pointed on these characteristics, distorted them, or used them

legitimately, mixed with false ones of their own invention, to raise the spectre of a mythical "Jewish conspiracy." That is a poisonous rubbish, but it does not mean that some of these characteristics do not exist. It is hardly surprising that Jews were instrumentalized by Nazis and reviled by non-Jews. As they had the necessary weapons to attract public attention, they relied on them—especially after the holocaust—in self-defense.

Still, the foremost reason for which we view the Holocaust not only as out of many such abominations in humanity's past, but as a unique occurrence and the epitome of evil, is probably different. Germany was Europe's most cultured nation. It was a nation of Kant, Beethoven and Goethe. Even of only a minuscule minority of its Nazis read poetry or played Mozart on the piano, the gulf between the oldest history of Germany in habitats and their behavior during the Nazi era was incomparably wide. It stunned their victims who started the world.

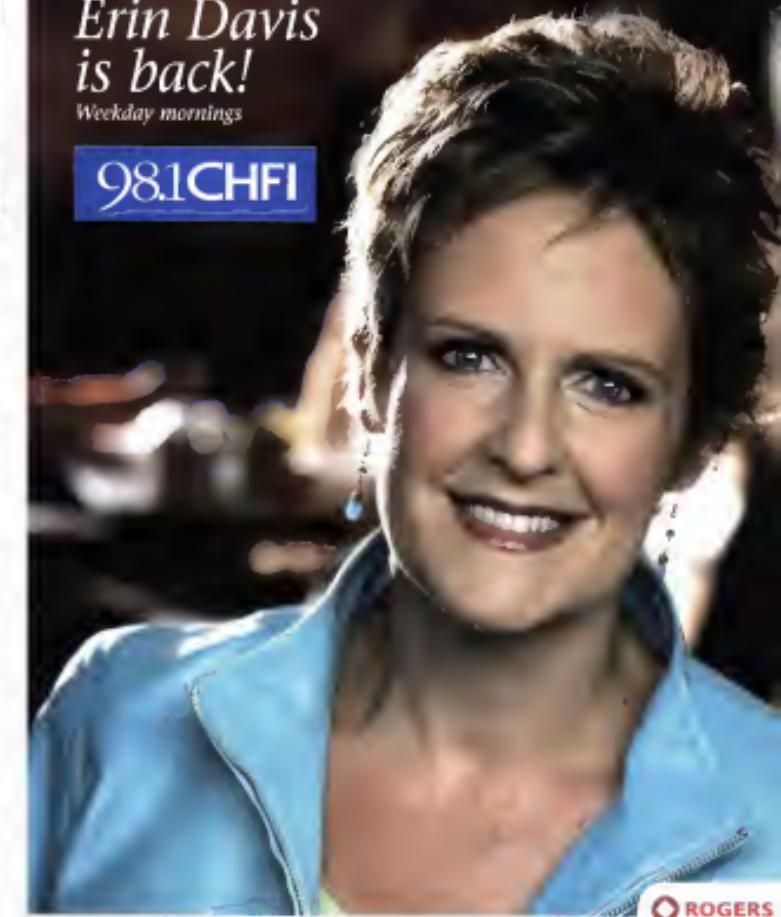
The scope and barbarity of the Holocaust would have been stunning even if carried out by hooligans from Borneo, but it was not. It was carried out by Germans. It may be difficult for post-war generations raised in the last half century—during which Germans became expandable wobblies, not only in popular entertainment, but also in political and academic discourse—to understand

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LYNN KRAAR is a 46-year-old suburban mom of two-by-day and a rocker in leather pants by night. Drawn by a need to escape the drily grand suburban life, the self-identified alt-rock mom and Toronto native has found solace in her music, in between cleaning her daughter's school and the supermarket, buying groceries, cooking dinner and helping take care of her husband's sick mother. "I am not Britney Spears, nor do I have any desire to be running with the recently-melting pack," says Kraar. "I have survived having two children, becoming a mother, losing a mother, and now I have no intention of growing old gracefully." So Kraar, with her black velvet jacket, vintage

guitars, Nigerian Dymbass, Tokata, Pink Moon braids and Black Frye boots, rocks her instrument with songs she's written, like "Mother Wharena" (from *Suburbia and Moshland*).

Kraar, who divides her time between Toronto and New Jersey, is part of the rock movement breaking out across North America and finding a voice in England. Suburbans who are modifying their hair/pants, donning fishnet stockings and rocking out in groups like *Plastics*, *Housewives* or *Prisc*, *Cramp* and *Gandy Band*. And they want to themes they know to pop songs with such titles as *Pauline*, *Pick up Your Socks*, *Toy Hurl*, *East*, *Near Dame Spaghetti* and *Fatty Slippers*.

It's a movement Kraar and *Freelance* mate Alan Rudden have been bringing to Canada over the past year through *Mamapalooza*, a festival for mom who are musicians, artists and writers. Launched in New York City in

2002, Mamapalooza has expanded to eight cities, including Chicago and Detroit, and draws thousands to some of its spring and summer events. "Just because you are a mom doesn't mean you have to give up everything," says Frey, co-artist of Mamapalooza's signature *Mom Egg*. Even for those who never plan to perform in public, rocking out can be a liberating form of expression. "Some people may write as a freedom to make a song that nobody has ever written lyrics on our minds," says Frey, "but for the person, it can be the very thing that affirms and saves them."

Jay Rose, the 46-year-old singer for *Housewives* in Prairie, and founder of Mamapalooza, agrees. It's not only rock's potential for fun, success and creative outlets that draws these women, Rose says, but also its power as an antidote to the disorientation women feel when they become moms. "When we sing on the spot, strip out the kids, suddenly we don't know who we are."

For Rose, this is what happened when she left New York City for the suburbs and gave birth. "I realized how we get stuck in the middle of the grand of working and raising children and how weary and dull life can get," she says. "I didn't want to be stuck anymore." She escaped through music, using everyday life to inspire her. When her daughter refused to eat dinner, she wrote "I've been standing in the kitchen since 7 a quarter to seven / Eat your damn spaghetti or leave the room." The song was featured on the *Housewives*' national album, *I Brake My Ass Christmas Shopping at the Mall*.

Rose feels being a mom has allowed her to reclaim parts of her old self, if only in a small way. "We all have a desire to run us out the back burner when we get caught up with the responsibility of life, motherhood and general adult issues," she says. So she keeps busy juggling the creative life and the responsibilities of mother hood, although it's important to remember that "it doesn't end at 30, you can be expressing yourself and rocking at 20, 30, 40 and 50."

As for Kraar, she confidently predicts the mom rock renaissance will take off in *Genesia*. "We are here and we are waiting for our moment," she says. "You will see a long line of mom bands who have been hidden up in basements, garages and chat rooms all over the country coming out!"



WHY BE JUST ONE SEX?

For the transgendered to be fully themselves, they need freedom to move between male and female

THE FIRST THING THAT sticks you about Sally is in her eyes. Bright blue, they're the kind that inspire songs. The next thing you notice is how she moves. Sally is poised the way dancers are, the result of taking voice lessons with a runway model. She in spires confidence from those around her, including the women who help her run her chat. By the time you notice her muscular build and she tells you she was born in a male body and lives about half the time as a man, it's too late. You already think of this 45-year-old as a woman.

Sally (not her real name) is one of a growing group of people who identify not as

male or female, but as transgendered. It's an umbrella term that describes people who are born of one biological sex but feel they belong to the other, or both, and don't necessarily want sex reassignment surgery. "There's definitely a social movement of transgendered people trying to break down the binary system and expressing themselves in whatever way they want," says Lukas Walther, a counsellor at the Vancouver-based transgender Health Program and a female-to-male transsexual. "There's more flexibility with bodies and gender and freedom of expression."

"They even have new terms, 'gender-

queer' or 'gender fluid,'" says Alceo Ria, counsellor at the Toronto-based Sherbourne Health Centre, and himself a transsexual who was born female. "They mean an openness to not being bound to one either sexual orientation or gender identity. Sometimes they want hormones and sometimes they don't. They want surgery and sometimes sometimes they don't want either."

Most people are familiar with transsexuals, who have had sex-change operations, such as much-publicized individuals Christine Jorgenson (the ex-GL beauty pageant bombshell performer in the 1950s), Tala (actress Carolee Cossey), a blind girl in *For Your Eyes Only*, and tennis star tennis Richards, that society and the medical community are just learning about transgendered people. The American Psychiatric Association's Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders IV classifies transsexuals and transsexuals as disorders (it's much the same way homosexuality was considered a mental illness before it was de-listed in 1973), and estimates that "roughly 1 per 10,000 adult males and 1 per 100,000 adult females seek sex-reassignment surgery." But many health care professionals believe a substantial number of cases are not reported, because of a lingering social stigma and the fact that many transgendered people don't seek surgery.

GROWING UP as boy, Sally had no words to describe what she felt. "Harry," as well as his mom, just knew he was different. He was always more comfortable with his mother than his aggressive father, and he enjoyed trying on his mom's clothes. His dad "wouldn't let me play hockey and he's a man's man," Sally recalls, "and I just couldn't be that for him." During puberty, Harry found out about cross-dressing or transvestism. This, he thought, must be him. After all, he didn't want a sex-change operation, as he wasn't a transsexual. Besides, he was attracted to women. He married and went on to run his own business. Privately, with his wife's support, he indulged in cross-dressing. Then one summer, while they were vacationing in California, a salientif in a flesh show gave him an entire makeover—hair, clothes and makeup. Harry walked out of the stage as

Victor Janson, a "committed cross-dresser," specifically teaches his university philosophy classes as Miss Alceo Gilbert.

Sally, knowing there was something more to his feelings than just having fun wearing his wife's panties.

Many people like Sally consider themselves gender outliers, playing outside the standard definitions of men and women. But current thinking on gender is coming around to the concept that sex, like sexual preference, isn't an exclusive proposition but rather a continuum. Transgender studies have become a hot new area of scholarship among transgendered academics come out and publish. Philosophy professor Michael Gilbert of Toronto's York University "commenced cross dress" when he started teaching periodically as Miss Alceo Gilbert in 1996, after he received tenure. "When we're born, the doctor takes a peek between our legs and says, 'Oh, it's a boy or girl,' and that's the end of it," Gilbert notes. "But there are a huge number of people who are not comfortable with that. Not all are cross-dressers or transsexuals. Some are boys who resent having to play a masculine role. Some are 'butters' who didn't want to play sports but were forced to. I think of gender as analogous to eyesight—there are many different prescriptions."

Scientists are learning there's much more to sexual differentiation than just what's between our legs. First comes chromosomal differentiation: XY for men, XX for women. Then we develop either ovaries or testes. Next comes the difference in genitalia and, finally, the differentiation of the brain into male and female. In 1995, scientists at the Netherlands Institute for Brain Research and Amsterdam's Free University Hospital found they've got brain structure, essential to sexual behavior, that develops between the ages of 2 and 4, as a result of interactions between the developing brain and sex hormones. When they examined that area of the brain in male-to-female transsexuals, they found it matched those of females more than males.

Nurse Barbara multiple principles of gender variation. St. Francis University biologist Janine Roughgarden, herself a transsexual, also, in her book *Evolution's Rainbow: Diversity, Gender, and Sexuality in Nature and People*, that in plants and about half of the animal world, the most common body form is both male and female, either simultaneously or at different times of life. Many species have three or more genders. Roughgarden challenges the prevailing notion that

diversity in biology is a deviation from an ideal "norm." Instead, she suggests diversity is the norm. She can do this by indicating the evidence of male-to-female transsexualism in the U.S. is close to one in 100.

And transgender gender identity among humans isn't a modern Western phenomenon. Various societies have traditions of transgendered people. In Polynesia, the transgendered are often called mahu (half-man, half-woman), and are identified before the onset of puberty. Among North



Some transgendered people, like Conney, switch over through surgery and hormones

American Peter Nardino, transgendered people known as "two-spirited"—have been held in high esteem, serving as religious leaders or warriers.

OF MIKIMOKU heritage, Alceo Butler, born Audrey, identifies as two-spirited. He's a playwright, filmmaker and "trans" policy adviser at the 519 Church Street Community Centre in Toronto. At 46, without having had surgery or hormone treatment, he looks like a tanned, grey-bearded male soccer player. "It's not that I feel I was a guy," he says, "it's just that I've always known that I wasn't a girl. I was always getting mistaken for a boy, even when I was little." When puberty hit and Audrey started grow-

"I THINK of gender as analogous to eyesight—there are many different prescriptions"

ing facial hair, her alarmed parents took her to see a slew of doctors, all of whom were pastist. Ironically, she moved to Toronto from Cape Breton Island and started to grow a beard. She was open and called names because she had broken the old hand. At 46, Audrey took the final step, changed her name to Alceo and answered a gender identity questionnaire.

Such questions are not uncommon. "There people are one of the only groups left that people feel they have the right to snub to their faces," says Walther in Vancouver. "I have clients come in regularly who've had coffee thrown on them." The discrimination extends to the medical community, where many believe either that cross-gender behaviour can be corrected, or that the transgendered should be encouraged right a few surgery operations.

Vanuatu MP Bill Solley sees a need for federal legislation for people caught up in gender issues. The NDP has introduced a private member's bill, given due reading in May, that would amend the Human Rights Act to include gender identity and gender expression as prohibited grounds of discrimination. "In terms of federal or legislative equality, issues rights are the most important," says Gail Marashlian, executive director of Equal Canada, a gay, lesbian, bi and trans advocacy group in Ottawa. "Trans people are where the gay and lesbian rights movement was a couple decades ago."

Unemployment, homelessness, childless tendencies and self-harm—all are issues health care workers can no longer ignore among trans people. Even the simplest pleasure, like going to the gym or swimming pools, are out for someone like Alceo Butler. Still, trans people like Sally and Alceo prefer not to have surgery. "I don't have a penis," says Alceo, "but I have a penis at my head. I don't think it's anatomically gender." For Sally, who runs her business as a man, surgery could mean losing her livelihood.

But she'd never want to give up her female persona. Once, she met a man in the cafeteria of a department store where a friend worked. Afterwards, she man told her friend that he had fallen in love with the most beautiful gal—it was her eyes that haunited him. The only thing was, he said, he had to know if the wanted children, because having a family was so important to him. "I said to my girlfriend, 'Don't you dare tell him!'" says Sally. "I couldn't break his heart."



Music | Wolf Parade makes a move to the front of the pack

Wolf Parade's singer Dan Bejar

fell in love with his childhood smoothie bar in the band's mini-European tour. "We were there for only 48 hours but I've decided I need to move there," says Bejar. "Our concert in Heilbronn was the best show of my life. It was sold out and all everyone was dancing, even though most didn't know who we were. I just can't wait to be able to talk to the other guys later. The

probably not, since Wolf Parade is on the cusp of a major North American breakthrough, having been heralded as the next big thing to come out of Montreal's (tried-and-true) music scene. The band—including Bejar, Spencer

Kingsland (bass), Arlo Thompson (drums), Hugh Balakin (keyboard), and new addition, former Hot Hot Heat guitarist, Daniel Bejar—heads

on tour this month in support of its recently-released CD, *It Will Play Several Dates with Fellow Internationally Rockers, the Arcade Fire*. "We're more awesome than they are," says Bejar, adding that the then-unknown Arcade Fire was on the bill when his band made its debut, in 2003. "They attract a much younger and more diverse audience than we're used to. But that's great; I just want to play for older listeners forever," laughs, maybe, he's thinking.

JOHN INTINI

Wolf Parade's debut CD, *Antisocialites*, is in the Quoic. Money is being released on Sept. 17.

For a sneak preview of the band's new disc, log on to www.wolfparade.ca.

TV | Who will play Saddam?

With an Iraq insurgent gun taken up in the series premiere of Steven Bochco's much-hyped war drama, *Over There*, the lead legs continue running. He's seven yards before finally giving up the ghost, while it counts down to the war-on-screen standard set by Steven Spielberg in *A Saving Private Ryan*, the killing—and many that follow—will surely kill you from your couch.

In *Over There* (premiering on history television, Sept. 16), the camera follows an army unit of soldiers who leave their families and head to Iraq for battle. By casting a group of baby-faced unknowns—including London, Ont., native Luke Metherell,



who plays hot-headed Pfc. Frank Dombrowski—Audra Jones' star impression that you're watching a pretty rookie all the way we read about it in the news, every day in fact, in the first TV series to fictionalize a war that's still raging. But Bejar—acknowledged for the accuracy of his cop drama, *Wall Street Blues* and *WIPB*—also has come under fire from Iraq war vets, who claim that he's butchered some of the details. They're already going to go after him for it, but what can't be denied is the producer's blunt claim that the series isn't meant to be a political statement. "It's pretty easy to say that this [show] is set in Iraq, it's not the work of someone who's actually been there," laughs Bejar.

George W., last year. **11**

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN GUTTENBERG, COURTESY OF HISTORY CHANNELS



Elijah Wood finishes John Intini's sentences

"It's hot," shrugs a woman. Instantly, a crowd of autograph hounds circle Elijah Wood, who's in the middle of a photo shoot on a busy Toronto street. Although best known from the Lord of the Rings trilogy, Wood has proven he's not just a hobbit. He was great as a combative, lone-eyed thug in *Six Feet Under* and this month stars in *Everything Is Illuminated*, premiering at the Toronto International Film Festival. Wood, 34, recently finished *Midnight's Associate*—where he finishes sentences.

THE HUMDREDS AREN'T TRUE. I never date other hobbits. But the truth is, all the hobbits are gay. Not just homo, but gay. I'M GOTTEN WONDERS. . . why, like, do I have to have *Star Trek* public transit?

MY FAVOURITE SOUVENIR FROM A FILM is the map of Middle Earth from *The Lord of the Rings*.

WHAT PEOPLE SHOULD BE LISTENING TO Gogol Bordello. They're an amazing gypsy punk band.

THEIR MUSICAL *TGIF* on TV. *Beck*, then, it was Full House, *Perfect Strangers* and *Family Matters*—you know, the show with that geeky Steve Urkel guy *GET SMICK WHEN I SMELL* hospital hand sanitizer. When my appendix burst a couple of years ago, I was pretty sick, but it was the perfect hospital smell—especially the soap—that really got to me.

FOR MORE "JOHN INTINI'S SENTENCES" VISIT WWW.MACLEANS.CA/PEOPLE

ADIDAS Are made with piles of the white scribbled Drive. It's a copy of the show *erry Fox* wears—with the hope of raising \$500,000 for cancer research.

Books | The fine art of the polemic

Anyone who has ever wondered why Canada's Art Gallery included a 10-cent coin in the coin collection, 30 of its permanent collection pieces, or why one of the world's top fashion designers is trying to have John Gutfreund's bracelet made about *Good Are the Artists*—a polemic of liberative art—made, goes sacred cows with abandon. Does an appreciation for art make us better people? (Heller was a communist; Carey, a右翼). Can one actually tell the difference between high art and pop? (and art and bad). Does it art somehow succeed, in similar ways to music? (both, prove up!) About the art of writing itself, one finds in *The Art of Writing* that one can find art in therapeutic use of the arts, too. For healing others' passions is only privilege. Carey concludes with his own passion—art as passion—of special pleading. Heller is the greatest of art, the only one we can never make, and make, but make, the only art that can change us.

WHAT'S GOOD
ART THE
ARTIST
John Carey
Penguin, \$18

BestSellers

Fiction

1	THE FAIR CLOUD	Sea Glass
2	WORLD WAR KONG	John Irving
3	THE LOST CITY OF Z	Simon Innes
4	THE BIRDS OF PREY	Stephen King
5	THE LOST CITY OF Z	David Grann
6	THE LOST CITY OF Z	David Grann
7	THE FAIR CLOUD	Sea Glass
8	WORLD WAR KONG	John Irving
9	THE FAIR CLOUD	Sea Glass
10	WORLD WAR KONG	John Irving
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Nonfiction

1	PEAKERS	David and Barbara Gilmour (Eds.)
2	THE MIND'S EYE	Edmund White
3	THE MIDDLE-CLASS	Thomas L. Friedman (Ed.)
4	THE ENDLESS HOMI-KERI	Edie Baskin
5	BLIND	Matthew Gudinski (Ed.)
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20	BLIND	Matthew Gudinski (Ed.)

1 Weeks on chart
Estimated by Nielsen BookScan



A MIRACLE OF GEOGRAPHY

As we mourn, it's easy to forget how New Orleans was a city like no other

A TYPICAL NEW ORLEANS funeral parade is divided into two parts. On the way to the burial site, the music reflects the sadness of the occasion. Very often the band plays the old hymn *Fix on a Star*. But, as soon as the body has been buried, the mood of the music brightens despondently. The mourners become a "Second Line" of revelers, dancing as the band plays choices of other hymns of *Dieu le Ressuscite*—a name whose lyrics suggest the departed was not always immune to the temptations of earthly

and even legally questionable behavior.

Taken as a whole, the second line carries a few timeless messages. The dead are resurrected. Their lives and the lives of their survivors are celebrated. The order in importance: optimism in the face of tragedy is not only expected, it is built into the municipal rituals.

And, as Geoffrey C. Ward and Ken Burns wrote in their companion book to Burns's documentary series, *Jazz*, the funeral parade was observed by nearly every visitor to New Orleans "in part because there were so many of them."

New Orleans has always been extremely familiar with death and the crueler human indignities. For centuries, this Crescent City, strung along a slow bend and surrounded by water, was, for many of its residents a death trap of venereal disease and venereal death. Yellow fever killed 41,000 people between 1817 and 1905. Cholera and malaria took many more. Fire, riots, and the fatal destruction of immortal palaces and temples completed a round of grim tally up ward. As late as 1860, Ward and Burns remind us, the average life expectancy of a black citizen was only 34 years.

Through it all, every resident and most alert visitors knew that a city built in a bowl on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico might leach, never the end of another lazy and pleasure-filled summer, that a catastrophe had come up in a particularly spectacular fashion. The danger from hurricanes couldn't have been less of a secret. Here's



my *Lonely Planet* guidebook from 2000, with a title box on page 23 warning that evacuation "might even be impossible" and that if Hurricane Andrew had zipped instead of dragging in 1992, "catastrophic disaster would have ensued." Every tour guide I ever met in New Orleans had a variation of the same message built into his patter. Last week's events were nothing but unexpected. So I understood what one of my readers meant when the next time I arranged a editorial meeting, he asked, "Can we not help but comment on the element of human folly involved in the creation of the city where it was in the first place?"

Human folly is a good name for it. Still, all I can think is: watch the terrible images from a city I've grown to love in that New Orleans' perilous location has also been the source of so many of its blessings.

It's a port. One of the oldest on the Gulf Coast, founded in 1718 by a son of Quebec.

Join Baptiste Le Moyne, Rabel, at Acadians, by the French, the Spanish, the Americans and no one in particular. Inhabited by just about anyone who could put two feet or be carried in the bellies of transports: Serb, Greek, Hmong, Chinese, Indian, German, Irish, Chocaw, Indian. French speakers from France, Canada, Italy, Spain, Domingo Sosua and everywhere else. "An interval society crew," one 19th-century observer called the city's residents.

It's possible to pretend the members of all these cliques and castes ever had an effortless coexistence. But they managed. They built a city like no other and devised elaborate rituals that evolved into customs and dance steps and mystical idioms and trademarks of grace and elegance that have enriched the world.

I know it's hard to remember that until the season we've all seen on TV. Probably it doesn't even seem like it matters. But the funeral parade teaches us that you can't stop celebrating what's been built over as you mark great loss.

I've loved jazz all my life. But I stayed away from New Orleans until 1999 because I thought it'd be a badly conceived tourist trap. Of course in many ways it's that and more, but in the ways that matter it couldn't have been more wrong. The jazz speaks to you every minute in New Orleans, in tones that are not always sweet but often urgent. Constant reminders of slavery, sure, nor, colonial conquest, persistence and flood. But also the distinctive tone of neighbourhoods as different as Mid-City, Marigny and the Vieux Carré. Reminders of generosity, bloodthirsty acts of estimation.

Early in the last century, a miracle of geography put a kid named Louis Armstrong onto the Mississippi riverboats with his horn. He changed the world. It's easy to forget. But if all you do is mourn, you do him the spirit of New Orleans.

To comment: ibmnewyork.com or ibmnewyork.com/ibmnewyork.
At www.nytimes.com/2005/09/05/obituaries/05wells.html.

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